



DOOMES-DAY,
OR,
THE GREAT
DAY OF THE LORDS
IUDGEMENT.

BY
S^r. WILLIAM ALEXANDER
KNIGHT.



Printed by ANDRO HART, and are to
be solde at his shop on the North-side of the high
Street, a litle beneath the Crosse.

ANNODOM 1614



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT Viscount Rochester,

Knight of the most noble order of the
Garter, and one of his Majesties most
honourable priuy Councill.



*HAT the World may haue some
publicke testimonie of that priuat
loue, which your Vertues long
since had begotten with my
thoughts (my Lord) this is a
small sparke flowne from a great
Flame towards you, whose glory
is, that you onely of all the sub-
jects of this Isle haue the Altar of
your honour adorned with offrings from both the Nations in
this kind, as if your Worth were the Center where both our af-
fections should meete, making an union in minds, a course
both worthy of the credite of your place, and of your estimation
with the world. Who more great with Augustus then Me-
coenas? none so great with the Muses. This subject may be
thought*

be thought by some of too melancholicke a Nature for your youth, and state, but yet is vnnecessarie for neither, it may serue for that Macedonians Page who vsed euery Morning to call to him, PHILIP thou must die, though not so importunately vrging, yet when looked on, it is a dumbe remembrer both of death, & judgement, of all what was in the World, & of what is likely to be when it ends: But long may you liue, your Fortune still struiuing to equall your Worth, your Worth to exceed your Fortune, and the World to admire both, both being ripe before your yeares. This for the present is but [like vnripe fruits] an imperfect piece wrested from a mind many wayes distracted, & involved in doubtfull designes, the successe of some whereof, I hope hereafter hauing purchased me fame from the World (who for that effect will leaue no way of worth within the compasse of my power vnattempted) may make me the more able to communicat it with another, for none can giue what he hath not himselfe, al-
wayes I purpose when my mind is
more calme to end this Worke,
but neuer that desire
which I haue

To serue your Honour.

S. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

To S^r. W. A.

LIKE *Sophocles* (the hearers in a trance)
With *Crimson Cothurne*, on a stately Stage,
If thou march forth (where all with pompe doth glance)
To mone the *Monarches* of the Worlds first Age:
Or if like *Phæbus* thou thy Selfe aduance,
All bright with *sacred Flames*, known by Heauē's Badge,
To make a *Day*, of *Dayes* which scornes the Rage,
Whilst when they end it what should come doth Scance.
Thy *Phænix-Muse* still wing'd with *VVonders* flies,
Praise of our *Brookes*, Staine to old *Pindus Springs*,
And who thee follow would scarce with their Eyes
Can reach the *Spheare* where thou most sweetlie sings.
Though string'd with *Starres* Heauē's *Orpheus Harpe* en-
More worthy Thine to blaze about the Pole. [rolle,

WILLIAM DRUMMOND



DOOMES-DAY,
OR
THE GREAT DAY OF
the Lordes Iudgement.

The first Houre.

THE ARGVMENT

GOD by his workes demonstratiuely prou'd,
His Providence impugning Atheisme urg'd,
The Devils from Heauen, from EDEN Man remou'd,
Of guiltie Guests the World by water purg'd,
Who neuer sinn'd, to die for Sinne behou'd,
Those who him scourg'd in Gods great wrath are scourg'd,
Some temporall Plagues and fearful Iudgements past,
Are cited here as Figures of the last.

I

Thou of whose Power (not reach'd by Reasōs hight)
The Sea a Drop, we Earth a Mote may call:
And for whose Trophies stately tō the sight,
The Azure Arke was rear'd (although too small)
And from the Lamp of whose most glorious light
The Sunne (a sparke) weake for weake eyes did fall,
Breath thou a heauenly Furie in my brest:
I sing the SABBOTH of eternall rest.

The first Houre.

2

Though All in all defin'd, by nought confin'd,
O thou whose Feet the Cloudes for Dust afford,
Whose Voyce the Thunder, and whose Breath the Wind,
Whose Foot-stoole Earth, Seate Heauen, Workes of thy Word,
Guards Hostes of Angels mouing by thy Mind,
Whose Weapons, Famine, Tempest, Pest and Sword,
My cloudy Knowledge by thy Wisdome cleare,
And by my Weaknesse make thy Power appeare.

3

Loe rauish'd (**LORD**) with pleasure of thy Loue,
I feele my Soule inflam'd with sacred Fires,
Thy Iudgements, and thy Mercies, whilst I moue,
To publish to the World my Spirit aspires,
LORD by thy Helpe this Enterprise approue,
That the Successe may second my Desires,
Make Sathans race to tremble at my lines,
And Thine rejoyce while as thy Glory shines.

4

Yee blinded Soules, who euen in Frailtie trust,
By moments Pleasures earning endlesse Paine,
Whilst charg'd with liuing Chaines, vile Slaues to Lust,
Of Earth, and earthly, till en-earth'd againe,
Heare, hold, and weigh my Words, for once yee must
The strange Effects of what I tell sustaine,
I go to Sing [or Thunder] in your Eares,
A Heauen of comfort, or a Hell of feares.

5

All my transported Thoughts at randome flie,
As stray'd to search that which they can not finde,
Whilst silent Wondring makes a settled Eye,
A huge Amazement clouded hath my Mind,
How some dare scorne (as if a fabulous Lie)
That Those should rise whom Death hath once declin'd,
And like to Beastes a beastly Life they leade,
Who nought attend saue Death when they are dead.

The first Houre.

6

But yet what I admir'd not strange doth seeme,
When as I heare (O Heauens that such should breath)
That there be Men (if Men we may esteeme
Tronkes which are voyde of Soules, Soules voyde of Faith)
Who all this World the Worke of *Fortune* deeme,
Not hoping Mercy, nor not fearing Wraith,
There is no God Fooles in their Harts do say,
Yet make their Harts their Gods, and them obey.

7

The glasse Heauens which Glory doth array,
Are Mirrours of Gods admirable Might,
There, whence forth spreads the Night, forth springs the Day,
He fixt the Fountaines of this temporall light,
Where stately Starres enstall'd, some stand, some stray,
All sparkes of his great Power (though small) yet bright,
By what none vtter can, no, not conceaue,
All of Gods Glory Shaddowes may perceaue.

8

What glorious Lights through crystall Lanternes glance,
(As alwayes burning with their Makers loue)
Spheares keep one Musicke, they one Measure dance,
Like Influence below, like Course aboue,
And all by Order led, not drawne by Chance,
With Majestie as still in Triumph moue,
And (prodigall of light) seeme showing thus,
Looke vp all Soules, and gaze on God through vs.

9

This pondrous Masse (though oft deform'd) still faire,
Great in our sight, yet then a Starre more small,
Is ballanc'd as a Mote amidst the Aire,
None knowes how hung, yet to no side doth fall,
And yearly springs, growes ripe, fades, falls, rich, bare
Mens Mother first, still Mistresse, yet their Thrall,
It centers Heauens, Heauens compasse it, both breed
Bookes where of God the gnorant may reed,

The first Houre.

10

What ebbes, flowes, swells, and sinkes, who constant keepes?
Which from the Earth burstes in abondance out,
(As she her Brood would wash, or for them weepes
Who (hauing life) what dead things proue, doe doubt)
Who first did found the Doungeons of the Deepes?
But one in all, ouer all, aboue, about,
The Floodes for our delight first calme were set,
But storme and roare, since men did God forget.

11

Who partes the swelling Spoutes which siste the Raine?
Who raines the Windes, the Waters doth empale,?
Who frownes in Tempests, smiles in Calmes againe,
And doth dispense the Treasures of the Haile?
Whose Coach of Cloudes doth driu'd by Windes remaine?
Whose Darts (dread Thunder-bolts) makes men looke pale?
Euen this to shew those workes themselues haue wonne,
As smoke doth fire, as shaddowes doe the Sunne.

12

God visibly invisible who raignes,
Soule of all soules, whose Light each light reflects,
All from confusion freed, and still retaines,
The greatest rules, yet not the least neglects,
Fore-knowes the end of all which he ordaines,
His Will each Cause, each cause breeds fit Effects,
Who did make all, all thus could only leade,
None could make all, but who was neuer made.

13

Vile Dog of Truth who would the ground ouerthrow,
Thou thee to marke thy darkned Iudgement leade,
For (if thy Selfe) thou must thy Maker know,
Who all thy members prouidently made,
Thy Feet tread Earth (to be contemn'd) laid low,
To looke on Heauen exalted was thy Head,
That there thou might the stately Mansion see,
From whence thou art, where thou should seeke to be.

The First Houre.

14

The World in Soules Gods Image cleare may see,
(Though Mirrours bruif'd whē fallen, sparks dimm'd far downe)
They in strict Bounds, strict Bonds, kept captiue be,
Yet walke ouer all this All, and know, not known,
Yea soare to Heauen (whiles from their Fetters free)
And there see things which can not well be shown.
None can conceaue, all must admire his Might,
Of whom each Atome giues so great a light.

15

When troubled Conscience reades accusing Scroules
Which witnesse'd are euen by the brests owne brood,
O what a Terrour wounds remording Soules,
Who Poyson find what seem'd a pleasant Food!
A secret power their wandring thoughts controules,
And damning Euill, an Author proues of Good,
Thus heere some Mindes a Mappe of Hell do lend,
To shew what Horrors damned Soules attend.

16

To grant a God the Deuill may men entyse,
By Magicke when conjur'd such to vpbrayd,
Who borrowing bodies Horreur doth disguise,
Lest some his vglinesse might make afrayd,
Whyles in more monstrous Formes doth roaring ryse,
Till euen (as charm'd) the Charmer stands dismayde,
He bellowing forth abominable lyes,
Blood in his Mouth, and Terrour in his Eyes.

17

Who saues the World lest that it ruin'd be
By him whose thoughts (as Arrowes) ayme at ill?
Saue One who is more great, more good then he,
Who makes His Power repugnant to his Will?
Of this with which oft Sathans words agree,
He (forc'd) affords a Testimonie still,
From euery thing thus springs to GOD some praise,
Men, Angels, Deuils, all must his Glory raise.

The First Houre.

18

Though trusting more, yet some transgresse as much
As those who vnto GOD draw neuer neare,
For what the First not see, the Last not touch,
Ones Eyes are blind, the others are not cleare,
Their Mindes (false Mirrours) figure GOD, but such
As Waters straight things crooked make appeare,
Their Faith is neuer firme, their Loue not bright,
As Ankers without holdes, Fyres without light.

19

Their Iudgements Fond by Frailltie being confin'd,
Whose Soule (as Water) Vanitie deuoures,
Doe faine in GOD what in themselues they find,
And by their Weakenesse judge the POWER of POWERS,
Then (the Vnbounded bounding by their Mind)
Would staine Heauens Garden with terrestriall Flowres:
Men still imagine Others as They are,
And measure all things by Corruptions Square.

20

They thinke that GOD soft Pleasure doth affect,
And Iocund, Loftie, Lul'd in Ease, as Great
Doth scorne, contemne, or at the least neglect
Mans fickle, abject, and laborious State,
That he disdaines to guerdon or correct
Mans good or euill Toyes free from Loue or Hate,
That when Earth is his prospect from the Skyes,
As Men on Beasts, on Men he casts his Eyes.

21

No, high in Heauen from whence he bindes, and frees,
He in voluptuous Ease not wallowing lyes,
What Was, what Is, what Shall be, all he sees,
Weighs euery Worke, each Heart in secret tryes,
All Registers then filling first Decrees,
Gives, or abstracts his Grace, Cause, End, both spyes,
His Contemplation farre transcends our reach,
Yet what fits vs to know, his Word doth teach,

22 Then

The First Houre.

22

Then to confirme what was affirm'd before,
That no GOD is, or GOD doth not regard
Who do blaspheme (say fooles) or who adore,
This oft due Vengeance wants, and that Reward,
Then Godly Men the Wicked prosper more,
Who still presume, where they haue oft despair'd,
Such (as they thinke) feele Paine, and dreame but Ioy,
Whilst they what can be wish'd do all enjoy.

23

The Sunne in all lyke Comfort doth infuse,
The Raine to all by equall portions parts,
Heauens Treasures all alyke both haue, and vse,
Which GOD to all [as one to him] imparts,
Each Mindes free State lyke Passions do abuse,
Each bodies Bondage by like Sicknesse smarts,
Thus all aliue alike all Fortunes trie,
And as the Bad, euen so the Best do die.

24

O Men most Simple, and yet more then Mad,
Whose Soules your Hearts, whose Hearts Sinne hath subdu'd.
Whilst good Men now are grieu'd, though you be glad,
They weake (yet pure) you strong (yet stain'd and lewd)
Huge are the oddes betwix the Best and Bad,
Which darkely here, hence shall be clearely view'd,
When of GODS Wrath the Wind sifts Soules at last,
They shall abide, you vanish at a blast.

25

GODS Benefites though lyke to both design'd,
On outward Eyes whilst Iudgement doth depend,
The inward Eyes a mighty difference find,
To ballance both whilst spirituall Thoughts ascend,
The Gift is one, but not the Giuers Mind,
The Vse is one, but not the Vsers end,
GOD so would clogge the one, the other raise,
Those take themselues to please, They Him to praise.

The First Houre.

26

The Good oft euill, the Euill oft good may haue,
And by the contrarie both may be cloyd,
But as they are, all make what they receaue,
Not reall of it selfe, but as employ'd,
Those temporall Treasures Monuments do leaue,
As by a Blessing or a Curse convoy'd,
But this is sure, what euer GOD doth send,
To Good-Mens good, to Euil-Mens euill doth tend.

27

GOD to cure Soules doth diuerse Baulmes applie,
Whilst his intent still the euent doth crowne,
Some are press'd downe lest they should swell too hie,
Some are rais'd high lest that they should sinke down,
Some must haue Wealth their Charitie to trie,
Some Pouertie their Patience to renowne,
He who made all, knowes all, and as they neede,
Not as they wish, makes things with his succede.

28

Since Worldly things GOD makes both sorts possesse,
Ingratitude, or Gratefulesse to moue,
Let vs seek greater things (though seeming lesse)
Which to one sort doth only proper proue,
That secret Grace whose power none can expresse,
Whose fruits are Vertue, Zeale, Faith, Hope and Loue:
The Wicked's Treasures Godly men may gaine,
But theirs the wicked neuer can attaine.

29

Ah why should Soules for senselesse Riches care?
They Mercie need, it is a way to Wrath,
The first Man he was made, the rest borne bare,
Those floting Treasures come, and go with Breath,
Not mortall Goods, no, mortall Euils they are,
Which (since being dead) can naught afford but Death,
Their seed base Care, their fruite is burd'nous Paine,
A losse when found, oft lost the Loosers gaine.

The first Houre.

30

The greatest good which by such Wealth is sought
Are flattering pleasures, which (whilst fawning) staine,
A smoak, a shaddow, froth, a dreame, a thought,
Light, slyding, fraile, abusing, fond, all vaine,
Which shewes (when staying) soone dissolu'd in naught,
Do to the mind as Clouds to Skies remaine,
As of Heauens Beauties Clouds would make vs doubt,
Through mists of Minds the Spirit peepes faintlie out.

31

That King (of men admir'd, of GOD belou'd)
Whom such none did preceede, nor yet succceede,
Who Wisdomes Minion, Vertues Paterne prou'd,
He show'd what hight of Blisse this Earth could breede,
Whose Mind and Fortune equall Meruailes mou'd,
Whilst Wealth and Wit, striu'd which should most exceede,
Yet he (when quicke) was cross'd, and scorn'd when dead,
By Happinesse too much vnhappy made.

32

Her store franck *Nature* prodigally spent,
To make that Prince more then a Prince esteem'd,
Whilst Art to emulate her Mistresse bent,
Though borrowing strength from her, yet stronger seem'd,
He wanted naught which might a Minde content,
What once he wish'd, or but to wish was deem'd,
For thousands Reason rested on his Will,
Great fortunes find obsequious followers still.

33

With GOD the Father, he who did conferre,
And of the Sonne plac'd for a Paterne stood,
He to Gods Law did his vile Lust preferre,
(His Lust as boundlesse as a raging flood)
Who would haue thought he could so grossely erre,
Euen to serue Idoles, scorne a God so good?
The strong in Faith (when God abstracts his Grace)
Like Mendisarm'd fall faintly from their Place.

B

34 GODS

The first Houre.

34

GODS Way cannot be found, his Courſe not knowne,
As Thoughts he did enlarge, or elſe reſtraine,
Some were made Saintes, who Saintes had once ou'r-throwne,
Some highly Holy turn'd to be Prophane,
To mocke Mens Iudgement, magnifie his Owne,
Whilst GOD by both did glorified remaine,
Let None preſume, nor yet all Hope deſpiſe,
Who ſtand, feare falſ, who fall, expect to riſe.

35

Through Hell to Heauen ſince our Redeemer paſt,
Thinke that all Pleaſure purchaſ'd is with Paine,
But though firſt Death, none ſhall the ſecond taſt,
Whom GOD predeſtinateſ with him to raigne,
Choof'd, Call'd, made Holy, Juſt, and Glorious laſt,
Twixt Heauen and Earth them holds a ſpirituall Chaine,
Whoſe faſtning Faith, whoſe Linkes are all of Loue
Through Clouds by GODS own Hand ſtretch'd from aboue.

36

Let not the godly Men Affliction feare,
GOD wreſtle may with ſome, but none ou'r-throwes
Who giues the Burden, giues the Strength to beare,
And greateſt Seruice greateſt Guerdon owes,
Thoſe who would reape, they at the firſt muſt care,
GODS Loue, his Faith, a good Mans Trouble ſhowes,
Thoſe whom GOD tries, he giues them power to ſtand:
He *Iacob* toſt, and ſtay'd, both by one Hand.

37

Since firſt beeing chuſ'd ere made, much more ere prou'd,
A Soule elected cannot loſe though ſtray,
And let none aſke what ſo to doe GOD mou'd,
His Will his Word, his Word our Will ſhould ſway,
He hated *Eſau*, and he *Iacob* lou'd,
Hath not the Potter power to uſe the Clay?
And though his Veſſels could, why ſhould they pleade,
If to Diſhonour, or to Honour made?

The first Houre.

38

Some dare tempt God presuming of his Grace,
And proudly sinne (as sau'd assur'd to be)
Nor care not much what Course they doe embrace,
Since nought (they say) can change Gods first Decree,
No, None find Heauen, but heauenly Wayes first trace,
(The Badge the Bearer shewes, the Fruits the Tree)
Who Safetie doubt, do as you might deserue,
Who trust, be thankfull, both God better serue.

39

With Gifts fit for their State all are endew'd,
Grace Mercie still, Wrath Iustice doth conuoy,
God cleares their Sight of whome he will be view'd,
And blindes Them here, Whom hence he will destroy,
Those whom he did elect, those he renewd,
Those whom he leaues, They sinne, and sinne with Ioy,
Such liue like Beasts, but worse (when dead) remaine,
Beasts dead lose Sence, Death giues them Sence with Paine.

40

This froward Race that to Confusion rinnes,
Through Selfe-presumption, or Distrust of God,
Shall once disgorge the Surfet of their Sinnes,
Whilst what seemes light, then prou's a burdnous Lod,
With Them in Iudgement once when God begins
To beate, to bruiſe them with an yron Rod,
Whilst ayrie Pleasures leaden Anguish bring,
Exhausted Honny leaues a bitter Sting.

41

Yet wicked Men whom foule Affections blind,
Dare say (O now that Heauen not Brimstone raines?)
Let vs aloue haue what contents the Mind,
And dread (when dead) brags of imagin'd Paines,
The Debt we sweet, the Intrest easie find,
At least the Payment long deferr'd remaines.
Who Shaddowes feare whilst they the Substance keepe,
But start at Dreames when they securely sleepe,

The first Houre.

42

Ah filthie Wretch thy Fancies higher lift,
That doth encroach which then would'st thus delay,
Then Eagle, Arrow, Ship, or Wind more swift,
Match'd only by it selfe, Time slides away,
Straight of all Soules God shall the secrets sift,
And priuat thoughts with publicke Showts display,
Then when Times glasse (not to be turn'd) is runne,
Their Griefe still growes, whose Ioyes were scarce begunne.

43

Whiles rais'd in haste when Soules from him rebell,
By Inundations of impetuous Sinne,
The Floods of Gods deepe Indignation swell,
Till Torments Torrents violently runne,
Damnations Mirrours, Models of the Hell,
To shew what hence not ends, may heere beginne,
Then let me sing some of Gods Iudgements past,
That who them heare, may tremble at the last.

44

That glorious Angell, bearer of the light,
The Mornings eye, the Messinger of Day,
Of all the Bands aboue esteem'd most bright,
(As is among'st the rest the Month of May)
He whom those Giftes should haue engadg'd of right,
Did (swolne with pride) from him who gaue them stray,
And fought (a Traitor) to vsurpe his Seate,
Yea worse (if worse may be) did proue ingrate.

45

His starrie Taile the pompous Peacok streames,
As of all Birds the basenesse to disproue,
So *Lucifer* insulted in his Beames,
(As since *Narcissus*) with himselfe in loue,
And better Angels scorn'd (whilst drunke with dreames)
If Enuy not, at least Disdaine to moue,
Those who grow proud, presuming of their State,
They others do contemne, them others hate.

The first Houre.

46

To Wickednesse the Wicked soone accords,
That stryfe which one deuys'd, all did conclude,
Their Armour Malice, Blasphemie their Swords,
Their darts of Enuy only aym'd at Good:
And when they mette they vs'd not many Wordes,
Thoughts vtter most when they are vnderstood,
By bodies grosse when they no hinderance haue
The Spirits (being pure) may others mindes perceaue.

47

As where Vncleannesse is the Rauens repaire,
The spotted Band swarm'd where he spent his Gall,
Who fondlie durst with GOD (foule foole) compare,
And his Apostasie applauded all,
Then to vsurpe Heauens Throne, did bend their care,
So hasting on the Horrour of their fall,
Whose traitrous Head made (lyke a Whoore that strays)
His burning Beauties prodigall of Rayes.

48

Whil'st vainlie pult vp with preposterous Aymes,
He euen from GOD his Treasure stryn'd to steale,
The Angels good (Those not deseruing Names)
With sacred Ardour boldly did appeale,
Their Eyes shot Lightning, and their Breath smoak'd Flames,
As rauish'd with GODS loue, burnt vp with Zeale,
All lifted vp their Flight, their Voyce, their Hands,
Then sang GODS Praise, rebuk'd rebellious Bands.

49

This Mutinie a monstrous Tumult bred,
The place of Peace being plenish'd thus with Armes,
Bright *Michael* forth, a glorious Squadron led,
Which forc'd the Fiends to apprehend their harmes,
The Lights of Heauen lookt pale, Clouds (thundring) shed,
Windes (roaring Trumpets) bellow'd lowd Alarmes:
Thinke what was fain'd to be at *Phlægra* bounds,
Of this a shadow, *Echoes* but of sounds.

The first Houre.

50

O damned Dog who in a happie State,
Could not thy Selfe, would not haue Others hyde,
Sinne, Death and Hell, thou opened first their Gate,
Ambitions Bellows, Fountaine of all pryde,
Who Force in Heauen, in *Paradise* Deccat,
On Earth vs'd both, a Traitor alwayes try'd,
O first the Ground, still guilty of all Euils,
Since whom GOD Angels made, thou made them Deuils.

51

When them He view'd (whose Power nought can expresse
To whose least Nod the Greatest things are thral)
Although his Word, his Looke, his Thought, or lesse,
Might them haue made Dust, Aire, or what more small,
Yet he (their pryde though purpos'd to repress)
Grac'd by a Blow, disdain'd to let them fall,
But them reseru'd for more opprobrious strypes,
As first of Sinne, still of his Iudgements Types.

52

Those scorned Riuals GOD would Iudge, not fight,
And then Themselues none else, more fit could find,
Brands for his Rage, whilst flaming at the hight,
To cleare their Knowledge it with Terrour shin'd,
Whose guilty Weaknesse match'd with his pure Might
Did freeze with Horrour each amazed Mind,
Their Conscience kindled who from GOD rebell,
Hell first is plac'd in Them, then They in Hell.

53

That damned Crue GOD hauing spy'd a space,
First lightning Lookes, then thundred forth those Words,
Woods for my Wrath, that haue abus'd my Grace,
As once of Light, of Darkenesse now be LORDS
Where Order is since forfaiting your place,
Passe where Confusion euery thing affords,
And vse your spight by pyning, and being pyn'd,
Nor Angels, no, Do Evils as Deuils design'd,

The first Houre.

54

If with Great things we Small things may compare,
Or with their Maker things which haue bene made,
As when the Falcon fierce soares through the Aire,
The litle feathred Flocks fall downe as dead,
As Darknesse flies, Heauen [like a Bryde] lookes faire,
When *Phæbus* forth doth fyrie Coursers lead
Like some Bryde-grome bent for his wedding place,
Or lyke a mighty Man to runne his race.

55

Euen so (as Lightning flashing from the Skie
Doth die as it descends, gone with a glance)
More fast then follow could a Thought, or Eye,
Heuens banish'd Rebels fell downe in a trance,
Then abject Runnagats ouer all did flie,
As seeking out some place to hide their Chance,
O what a deadly Storme did then beginne,
When Heauen rain'd Deuils to drown the World with Sinne!

56

That Forge of Fraud, Euils Center, Spheare of Pryde,
From Blisse aboue whom GODS owne Breath had blowne,
He who his Strength in Heauen in vaine had try'de,
(As Dogs byte stones for him who hath them thrown)
GODS Image did pursue in *Adam* spy'de,
And did despite his state, despise his owne.
It neuer ended yet which then beganne,
His Hate towards GOD, his Enuy vnto Man.

57

Ere tainted first with that twyfe fatall Cryme,
Then *Adam* liv'd more blest then can be thought,
Babe, Infant, Chylde, Youth, Man, all at one tyme,
Form'd in perfection, hauing need of nought,
To *Paradise* prefer'd from abject slyme,
A graine of Earth to rule it all was brought,
Him to content whilst all things did contend,
GOD walk'd, and talk'd with him as with his Friend.

The first Houre.

58

Then of his pleasures to heap vp the store,
GOD *Enah* form'd adorn'd with Beauties rare,
Such as none since a Woman did decore,
Thinke what it is to be perfectly faire,
And then imagine her, even much, then more,
She principall, the rest but Pictures are.
No hight of words can her Perfections hit,
The Worke was matchlesse as the Worke-mans Wit.

59

The Worlds first Father what huge Ioyes did fill,
Whilst Prince of *Paradise* from trouble free,
The fairest Creature entertain'd him still,
No Riual was, he could not Iealous be,
Being onely wretch'd in hauing all his Will,
And yet discharg'd the tasting of one Tree!
Let one haue all things good, abstract some Toy,
That Want more grieues, then all he hath giues Ioy.

60

Through *Edens* Garden stately *Enah* stray'd,
Where beauteous Flowres her Beauties back reglanc'd,
By *Natures* selfe, and not by Art array'd,
Which pure (not blushing) boldly were aduanc'd,
With dangling Haires the wanton *Zephyrs* playd,
And in rich Rings their floring Gold enhanc'd,
All things concurr'd which pleasure could incite,
So that she seem'd the Center of Delight.

61

Then could she not well thinke, who now can tell
What banqueted her sight with objects rare,
Birds staid for her whose Songs should most excel,
The odoriferous Flowres perfum'd the Aire,
Yet did her Breath of all most sweetly smell,
Not then distemper'd with intemperat faire,
No mixtures strange compos'd corrupting food,
All naturally was sweet, all simplie good.

The first Houre.

62

But ah when she the Apples faire did spie,
Which (since reseru'd) were thought to be the best,
Their preciousnesse suppos'd enflam'd to trie,
By being discharg'd, she lookt where they did rest,
Luxuriously abandon'd to the Eye,
Swolne, languishing (like those vpon her Brest)
Ah Curiousnes first Cause of all our ill,
And yet the Plague which most torments vs still!

63

On them she doubtfull earnestly did gaife,
The Hand being oft aduanc'd, and oft drawn bak,
Her State and Beautie entring thus to praise
Whilst subtle Sathan in a Serpent spake,
Your State is high, you may it higher raise,
And may (as Gods) your Selues Immortall make.
This precious Fruit God you forbids to eate,
Lest knowing Good and Euill, you match his State.

64

Those fatall Fruits which poyson'd were with Sinne,
She hauing tasted, made her Husband proue,
What could not Words of such a *Sirene* winne?
O Wo to Man that Woman thus can moue!
He Him to hide [his Falls first Course] did rinne,
VWhom Knowledge now had learn'd to loth and loue,
Death from that Tree did shoot through Shaddowes dark,
His Rest an Apple, Beautie was his Marke.

65

Thus Good and Euill they learn'd to know by this,
But Ah the Good was gone, the Euill to be,
VWhen They so monstrously had done amisse
They Clothing sought (poore Shift from Shame to free)
Loe the first Fruits of Mortalls Knowledge is,
Their Nakednes, and Miserie to see:
Thus Curiousnes to Knowledge is the Guide,
And it to Miserie, all Toyles when tri'de.

C

66 Marke

The first Houre.

66

Marke *Adams* answere when his Maker crau'd
If that his Will had bene by him transgress'd,
The Woman LORD whom I from thee receau'd,
She made me eat, as who my Soule possess'd,
The Woman said the Serpent me deceau'd,
Both burdend Others, None the Fault confess'd:
Which Custome still their faultie Race doth vse,
All first do rinne to hide, next to excuse.

67

But he who tries the Reines, and viewes the Hart,
As through the Clouds doth through fraile Bodies see,
And is not mock'd by Mens ridiculous Art,
By which their Crimes made more, more odious be,
Who proudly sinne, they must submissely smart,
Loe GOD crau's compt of what he did decree,
And those who joyn'd in Sinne, are punish'd all,
All *Adams* Partners crush'd were with his Fall.

68

GOD thus first damn'd the Fountaine of Deccate,
O most accurst of all the Beasts which breede,
Still wallowing in the Dust (a lothsome state)
Drawn on thy Belly basely shall thou feede,
The Woman Thee, thou shall the Woman hate,
Which Hatred still inherite shall her Seede,
Whose fierce Effects both mutually shall feele,
Whilst he shall breake thy Head, thou bruise his Heele.

69

And Woman weake, whose Thoughts each Fancie blowes,
I will encrease thy Griefe, thy Ioyes restraine,
And since thy Iudgement doth depend on shoves,
Thou to thy Husband subject shall remaine,
And bringing forth thy Brood with bitter Throwes,
What was with Pleasure sown, shall reape with Paine,
Those Beauties now which mustred are with Pride,
In withred Wrinkles ruinous Age shall hide,

The first Houre.

70

Fond *Adam* thou obeying thus thy Wife,
What I commanded violat who durst,
Cares shall exhaust thy Dayes, Paines ende thy Life,
Whilst for thy Cause the Earth becomes accurst,
With Thornes and Thistles guerdoning thy Strife,
Who sweating for thy Food art like to burst,
And looke no more for Rest, for Toyle thou must,
Till whence thou came, thou be turn'd backe to Dust,

71

By Angels arm'd barr'd from the pleasant Place,
When wretched *Adams* Pilgrimage was past,
The Tree of Sinne ou'rshaddowing all his Race,
They from their minds all Loue of God did cast,
Them to reclaine who did contemne his Grace,
Who wearie was with striuing at the last,
Of all the VWorld a Haruest made by Raine,
He did resolute to trie new Seede againe.

72

Yet since that *Noah* vprightly had liu'd,
He and his Race stood safe on Horrors hight,
And when all Creatures Ruine was contriu'd,
They liu'd secure the fourtie-day-long Night:
To make the World repent that good Man striu'd,
His swelling Bulwarke battering in their Sight,
But with the Wicked nought can well succede,
In whom Perswasions Obstinacie breede,

73

As the Worlds sinnes ou'rflow'd, Gods Wrath ou'rflam'd,
Which when rais'd high, down Floods of Vengeance pours,
As *Noahs* Preaching oft times had proclaim'd,
Heauens threatening straight to drown the highest Tours,
Clouds clustred Darkenesse, Lightnings Terror stream'd,
And rumbling Thunders vshered vgly Shours,
Whilst rauinous Tempests swallow'd vp the Light,
Day dead for Feare brought forth abortiue Night.

The first Houre.

74

From Guests prophane that Earth might be redeem'd,
The Lights of Heauen quensh'd in their Lanterns lay,
The Azure Vaults all but one Cisterne seem'd,
Whilst (safe the Waters) All things did decay,
The Fire drown'd out, Heauens all dissolu'd were deem'd,
Air Water grew, the Earth as wash'd away,
By monstrous Stormes whilst All things were ou'rturn'd,
Then (safe Gods Wrath) in all the World nought burn'd.

75

Men to the Mountaines did for Helpe repaire,
Whence them the Waues did violently chace,
In Natures Scorne came scallie Squadrons thair,
The Forrests Guests inheriting their place,
By too much Water, no, for lacke of Air,
All were confounded in a litle Space,
The Elements with Anguish we enjoy,
All must nurse one, One thus may all destroy.

76

That vaulting Vault against the Storme did strue,
VWhich all the Creatures of the VWorld contain'd, [driue
And whyls through Depthes, whyls through the Clouds did
Not by the Compasse, nor the Rudder rain'd,
No Port, no Land was, where it could ariue,
VWhilst Earth with VVaters leuell all remain'd,
The VVaues (the VWorld all else being hush'd) at once
Roar'd forth a Consort with Mens dying Grones.

77

But when ouer all Gods Breath did Ruine blow,
The Arke with others Sinne from Death did saue,
Him whom the raging Floods did not ou'rthrow,
VWho (of Gods Iudgements Iudge) did all perceauē,
A litle Liquor did at last ou'rthrow,
VWhich to his Sonne to mocke Occasion gaue,
Thus Drunkenesse disdainfull scorne doth breede,
A fertile Vyce which Others still succee,

The first Houre.

78

As the first World did first by Pryde offend,
Whole burning Rage to such a hight did win,
That it to quensh, GOD did the Waters bend,
O Drunkenesse the second Worlds first sinne,
The course of Vice that Element must end,
Which is oppos'd to it which did beginne,
In euery thing GODS Iustice we may spy,
As Floods drown'd Pryde, Flames Drunkenesse must dry.

79

When Men againe to fill the World did weare,
Straight in their Soules did Satan raise his Throne,
O what a Burden *Nature* dost thou beare!
Since that to Sinne and Liue, seeme both but one!
Men *Babels* Towres against the Starres did reare,
Since lyke deseruing, fearing what was gone,
As though that GOD could but one Plague command,
(Ah Fooles) what Strength against his Strength can stand?

80

Whilst fondly They proud weaknesse did bewray,
(Who can the Depths of His high Iudgements sound)
By making their owne Tongues their Hearts betray
Those *Titans* straight the Thund'rer did confound,
Here diuerse Tongues the Worke of Men did stay,
Which afterwards the Worke of GOD did ground.
The Mind (not meanes) effectuall doth remaine,
What help'd Apostles, hindred the Prophane.

81

When purpos'd to dissolue quicke Clouds of Dust,
GODS Wrath (as stubble) Sinners doth deuoure,
That Towne to sacke which had not tenne Men just
He Brimstone rain'd, (O most prodigious Showre!)
Their Bodies burn'd, whose Soules were burn'd with Lust,
What faire, was vglie, what was sweet, grew fowre;
Yet of that Fyre *Lot* scap'd the great Deluge
GODS holy Mountaine is a sure Refuge.

C3

82 I

The first Houre.

82

I reckon not the ruine of those States
Which being but Strangers to the ground of Grace,
Were caried head-long with their own Conceits,
And euen (though brightly) blindlie ranne their Race,
Gods firme Decrees, which fondlie they call'd *Fates*,
Did bound their Glory in a litle Space,
Whil'st Tempests huge toss'd their tumultuous Mindes,
Lyke Reeds by Riuers wauering with all Windes.

83

Such rais'd not for their good but for Gods ends
When bent his owne to punish or support
Do (as his Arrowes) hit but where he tends,
Else of themselves their power doth nought import,
When he his spotted Flocke to purge intends,
They are but Toolles vs'd in a seruile sort.
To fanne, or cleanse as Fannes, or Beesomes they
Which when the Worke is done, are throwne away.

84

Proud *Assur* first did daunt all other Soyles,
Till barbarous *Persia* did become her Head,
The *Greekes* did glory in the *Persians* spoyles,
Whose Prince at last *Rome* did in Triumph lead,
Rome rauishing the Earth bred bloody Broyles,
Yet was by whom she scorn'd a Widow made,
The World a Tenniscourt, the Rackets *Fates*,
Great Kings are Balls, when God will tosse their States.

85

To them whom God to do Great things doth chuse,
He generous Mindes and noble Thoughts imparts,
And doth in them all Qualities infuse,
That are requyr'd to act Heroick parts,
Of Matters base, then making others muse,
He breakes their spirits, and vilifies their Hearts,
As Greatnesse still a gallant Mind preceeds,
A staggering Courage Fortunes fall succeeds.

The first Houre.

86

The glancing Glory dazeled euery Eye
Of *Greece* and *Rome*, made all the Muses song,
On both the Wings of Worth which forth did flie,
By Valour rais'd, borne vp on learning long,
But now both base in abject Bondage lie,
Whose Brood proues now as Faint, as once thought Strong,
That with their Empyres made their Enemies Spoyles,
Their Spirits seeme too transferr'd to forraine Soyles.

87

For Nations once which strangers were to Fame,
On whom (as Monsters) Ciuill Lands did gaile,
Those who in scorne did them Barbarians name,
Do now surpasse in all which Merits praise,
Thus Glories Throne is made the Seate of Shame,
Who were obscure do Honour highest raise,
Nought constant is below, no, not true Worth,
It melted South, and freezes in the North.

88

What Heart not quakes when as it doth record
The Vengeance huge inflicted whyles below?
Not onely Gentiles thus being then abhorr'd,
High indignation justlie did ou'rthrow
That Heritage long labour'd by the LORD,
Which as his Portion he would onlie owe,
As loath'd for Sinne, or for Repentance lou'd,
Gods Minion whyles, a Strangers Slaue whyles prou'd.

89

By monstrous Plagues God did his power expresse,
In *Nilus* Bounds which yet admir'd remaines,
The subtill Sorcerers forcing to confesse
That his owne Finger pointed out their paines,
The Seas retir'd would not his Will transgresse,
Till Squadrons march'd vpon their Virgin Plaines;
He gloriously triumph'd ou'r *Pharaos* Hoste,
What *Israell* saur'd, that the *Egyptians* lost.

The First Houre.

90

GOD Wonders made not strange to *Jacobs* brood,
When their great Iourney boldly was begunne,
Ouer them a Cloud by Day, by Night Fyre stood,
A guide, a guard, a shadow, and a Sunne,
Rockes vomited a Flood, Heauens rain'd downe Food,
Canaan was miraculouse wonne,
Their Armes did Armies spoyle, huge Giants kill,
Weake blasts breath'd walls, the Sun (as charm'd) stood still.

91

But who can thinke and trust, trust not admire,
That those Ingrate to such a GOD could proue,
Who oft had seene (aboue their owne Desire)
By Wonders Power, by Benefits his Loue?
Yet They prouok'd the Holy One to Ire,
And did the Mighties Indignation moue,
Till as abhorr'd the Land did spue Them forth,
And *Jordans* Glory grac't *Euphrates* Worth.

92

That Realme, the Worlds first Froth, and now the Lees,
Of which for *Israell*, Angels Hostes had flaine,
The Lord transplanting Men (as Men do Trees)
It *Israell* made a Captiue to remaine,
The stately Temple nought from ruine frees,
Whose sacred Vessels *Ethnickes* did prophane,
Yet all turn'd back by a repenting Faith,
Sole Mortalls Teares quench the Immortalls Wrath.

93

And yet of all the Workes which GOD hath wrought,
None more to stray Opinions course permittes,
Then our Salvation offred, vrg'd, not sought,
At which who highest aymes the True th worst hittes,
What was contemn'd, a pretious Treasure bought,
A Myserie surmounting Vulgar Wittes,
The Worker, not the Worke, must moue our Mindes,
Celestiall Secrets, Faith (not Reason) findes.

The first Houre.

94

O who could looke for Glory from the Dust?
Or for a Sauour fettred in the Graue?
The Power which wrought it must giue Power to trust,
This Iudgement else all Iudgements will deceaue.
O Iustice mercifull, O Mercy just!
He lost his best Belou'd his Foes to saue,
And euen to suffer, suffer did his Sonne,
The Victorie ouer Hell is hardly wonne.

95

The Word was Flesh, the God-head dwelt with Men,
Inuisible, yet subject to the Sight,
He whom no Bounds could bound, was bounded then,
Whilst earthly Darknesse clouded heavenly Light,
Birds had their Nests, and euery Beast a Den,
Yet had he nought who did owe All of right,
No Kind of Thing the wicked World could mone,
Not Wonders done below, Words from aboue.

96

Those Wonders then which sacred Writes record,
Did Some conuert, A Multitude amaze,
What did not Gods own Word do by a Word?
Lame can. Deafe heard, Dumb spake, Devils fled, Dead raise,
Of seruants Servant whilst of Lords the LORD,
Did seeke but his own Paine, Mans Good, Gods Praise,
To marie Heauen with Earth He first beganne,
God without Mother, without Father Man.

97

Who neuer did beginne, He would beginne,
That Lifes chiefe Fountaine might of Life be reau'd,
The Innocent would beare the Weight of Sinne,
That by his Sufferings Sinners might be sau'd,
Yet that which God must giue, and none can winne,
(Though offred freely) many not receau'd,
Whilst on a Tree CHRIST gain'd (when tortur'd most,)
What by a Tree for Pleasure *Adam* lost.

D

98 The

The first Houre.

98

The Worlds great Iudge was judg'd, and Worldlings flood,
Euen glorious Glory glorying to disgrace,
They damn'd as Euill the Author of all Good,
(Though Death of Death) who vnto Death gaue Place,
Ah for our Ransome offering vp his Blood,
Huge was the Warre he had to make our Peace!
The Heire of Heauen daign'd to descend to Hell,
That in the Heauen Hell-worthy Men might dwell.

99

The Father saw the Sonne surcharg'd with Woe;
Yet would to Calme his Griefe no Fauour show,
For Man could not refound, nor God forgoe,
That Debt which the first Man did justly ow,
CHRIST as a GOD could not haue suffred so,
Nor haue as Man preuaild, but both below,
He Men most grac'd when Men him most disgrac'd,
Iustice and Mercy mutually embrac'd.

100

VWhen GOD confirm'd with many fearefull Wonder,
The great Worke which was wrought for them he lou'd,
Heauen clad with Darknesie mourn'd, Earth sob'd asunder,
Thus Creatures wanting Sence, were highly mou'd,
VWho should haue had, had none, nor could not ponder
VWhat did import the Anguish which he prou'd,
But of his Torments strange which did abound,
Ah Mans Ingratitude did deepest wound.

101

O wicked off-spring of a Godly Syre,
VWho saw the Sauour of the VWorld arise,
That which your Fathers did so oft desire,
Yet could not get that which you did despise,
VWho Mercy mock'd, prepare your selues for Ire,
He liues, he liues whose Death you did deuise,
His Blood (not spent in vaine) must wash or drowne;
Those whome it cannot cleanse, it shall sincke downe;

102. To

The first Houre.

102

To rest on them and Theirs *Iewes* who did cry
For *CHRISTS* contemned Blood, had what they sought,
Then Blood no Burden with more VVeight doth lie,
Euen as they his, so was their Ou'rthrow vvrout,
They by the *Romane* Pover did make Him die,
And them the *Romane* Pover to Ruine brought,
VWhilst for their Cause *GOD* euery Thing had curst
Romes mildest Emperour prou'd for them the VVorst.

103

Ierusalem the Faire, *IEHOVAHS* Loue,
Repudiated by disdainfull VVrath,
A bastard Race did beare, vvhom Nought could moue,
A vile Adultresse violating Faith,
Then did the VVorlds Delight her Terrour prone,
And Harmes perform'd foretold by sacred Breath,
Nought rested vvhether the stately Citie stood,
Saue Heapes of Horrour rais'd of Dust and Blood.

104

But murdring Saints in Wickednesse growne bold,
That Towne which long was drunke, last drown'd with Blood,
That Towne by which who bought the World was sold,
Sold with Disgrace beheld her scorned Brood,
Them lou'd by *GOD* Men did in Honour hold,
And loth'd by *GOD*, with them in Horrour stood,
Then *Iewes* whom *GOD* high rais'd, and low doth bow,
What Name more glorious once, more odious now?

105

When of Salvation joyfull Newes were spred,
VWith spirituall Grace all Nations to bedew,
VWhilst famish'd Soules that sacred Nectar fed,
The *LORD* strange Iudgements Millions made to view,
And those who first fierce Persecutions bred,
A jealous *GOD* with Vengeance did perfew,
His Wrath against Themselues, against their Foes,
Is quenched, is kindled by his Seruants Woes.

D 2

106 B

The first Houre.

106

By him who first gainst CHRIST did Ensignes pitch,
His Brother, Mother, Wife, and Selfe was slaine,
The Great Apostat wounded in a Ditch,
Did grant with Griefe the *Galileans* raigne,
Of him whose Errours did whole Realmes bewitch,
The Death most vile did viler Doctrines staine,
A monstrous Death doth monstrous Liues attend,
And what All is, is judged by the End,

107

He who made *Hymens* Torch drop Blood and Teares.
The Nation most Humaine being Inhumaine,
Did blood [when dead] at Mouth, Nose, Eyes, and Eares,
As vomiting his Surfet so againe,
In Crime and Crowne his second fraught with Feares,
The bloody Band by mutuall Blowes was slaine,
The King, the Duke, the Friars deuif'd that Ill,
The King the Duke, the Friars the King did kill.

108

Whose Sight is so eclips'd which now not sees,
In euery Kingdome, Prouince, Towne, and Race,
On Princes, Subjectes, Men of all Degrees,
What weighty Iudgement Sinners Steppes do trace,
Which not the Crowne, more then the Cottage frees?
The Wicked Man (sayes GOD) shall haue no peace.
A Countenance calme, may maske a stormy Mind,
But Guiltinesse no perfect Ease can find.

109

Those temporall Plagues are but small Smokes of Ire;
To breach a Brest which is not arm'd with Faith,
And are when GOD due Vengeance doth require,
Of Indignation Drops, weake Sparks of Wraith,
As Lightning is to Hels eternall Fire,
Or to a Tempest huge, a litle Breath:
So are all those of this which I proclame,
A Puff, a Glance, a Shaddow, or a Dreame,

The first Houre.

110

As weigh'd by God still ballanc'd hings this Round,
Which Sinne (growne heauie) now quyte downe-ward beares
Exhausted Courage Horrour shall confound,
Till Hopes high Towers rest all ou'rflow'd with Feares,
All shall together fall, as by one Wound,
Not hauing Time to flie, no, not for Teares,
On Day as Night, as on the Wearied Sleepe,
Death steales on Lyfe, and Iudgements way doth sweepe.

111

All clearely see who Lyfes short Race do rinne,
The last Decree though being suspended yet,
That fatall Doome inflicted first for Sinne,
Though not attended, doth not doubted hit,
And of all Soules the Proceffe doth beginne,
For straight when Death arrests, the Iudge doth sit,
For this first Charge all fortifie the Mind,
As Death vs leaues, so Iudgement shall vs find.

112

Death each Man drylie sees, but none fore-sees,
The Wage of Sinne, the *publie* of Cares,
First Iudgement threatned, base Corruptions Lees,
Inheritance which serues all *Adams* Heires,
Iust onely Equaller of all Degrees,
The Charge enjoyn'd for no Respect which spaires,
What Agues, Wounds, Thoghts, Paines, al breathing Breath,
Are Heraulds, Sergeants, Vshers, Posts of Death.

113

Death Doores to enter at, and Darts to wound,
Hath as the Heauen hath Starres, or Sea hath Sands,
What though not sicke, not stab'd, not choak'd, burnt, drownd.
Age matchlesse Enemie all at last commands,
O what Designes this Emperour Pale doth bound,
Built of bare Bones, whose Arche Triumphall stands!
Ah for Ones Error all the World hath wept,
The Golden Fruite a leaden Dragon kept.

D 3

114 Then

The First Houre.

114

Then since Sinnes Hang-man, Natures vtter Foe,
By whom true Lyfe is found, Lyses Shadow lost,
A thousand Fancies interrupting so
When least expected doth importune most,
Haste, haste your recknings all must pay and go,
Guests of the World, poore Passengers who pass,
And let vs stryue (a Change being wyselie made)
To die alyue, that we may liue when dead.

115

All thinke whilst sound what Sicknesse may succeed,
How in the Bed imprison'd yee may be,
When euery Object Loathsomnesse doth breed
Within, without, that Soule, or Eyes can see,
To trembling Nature, which still death doth dread,
Griefe paints out Horror in a high degree,
The Bodie in the Bed Thoughts in it roule:
The Conscience casting vp a bitter scroule.

116

But when externall Powers beginne to faile,
That neither Tongue can giue, nor Eares receaue,
Friends [wretched Comforters] retir'd to waile,
To agonize the soule alone do leaue,
Which Satan fraight with Squadrons doth assaile,
Being bent to force whom first he did deccaue,
Who once entys'd, then to accuse beginnes:
To wakened Soules vpbraiding buried Sinnes.

117

That fatall Conflict which all Flesh doth feare,
By helpes from Heauen being foughten, past, and wonne,
Whilst it to Heauen triumphing Angels beare,
This mortall Race magnanimouslie runne,
As being ordain'd to decke the highest Spheare,
The Soule shall shine more glorious then the Sunne,
Whilst cloath'd with Righteousnesse, a Priest, a King,
Hell where thy Victorie, Death where thy Sting?

The First Houre.

118

O when to part God doth the Soule permit,
Raif'd from her Shell a Pearle for *Sion* chus'd,
She recollects [accomplish'd ere she flit]
Her Faculties amidst fraile Flesh diffus'd,
As Iudgement, Reason, Memorie, and Wit,
Being all refyn'd, no more to be abus'd,
Then parts in Triumph free from Earthlie Toyles,
Yet longs perchance to gather vp her Spoyles.

119

Let all those Plagues [smoakes of our Makers Ite]
Make all in time their inward State reforme,
Those Plagues of which, loe, euen to sing I tyre,
Ah what do those who beare their vglie Forme?
Yet they but kindlings are of endlesse Fyre,
And litle drops which do fore-goe a Storme,
Looke, looke with Clouds Heauens Bosome else doth swell,
To blow the Wicked to the lowest Hell.





The second Houre.

THE ARGUMENT.

That threatned Time which must the World appall,
Is (that all may amend) by Signes fore-shown,
Warres rumor'd are, the Gospell preach'd ou'r All,
Some fewes conuert, the Antichrist is known:
Devils rage, Uyceraignes, Zeale cooles, Faith failes, Starres fall,
All sorts of Plagues haue the last Trumpet blown,
And by prodigious Signes may plaine appeare,
That of the Sonne of Man the Signe drawes neare.

I

Though thundring down those who transgresse his
And with Disdain his Bountie do abuse: [Lawet
As Adamants do Irne, Repentance drawes
The LORD to loue Those whom he first did chuse,
A Space retir'd from the tempestuous Waues,
The Port of Mercie must refresh my Muse,
Whose ventrous Flight all Loftinesse must leaue,
And plainly sing what all Men should conceaue.

2

The LORD delights not in a Sinners death,
But Sheep which stray royles to recouer still,
To please a Sonne who had deseru'd his Wrath,
His Calfe (long fed) the Father straight did kill,
Not for the best whose thoughts (sway'd by his Breath)
Had squair'd his Actions onely by his Will,
His Calfe, Gods Lambe, both feasted the Prophane,
His Best was gricue'd, Gods only Sonne was slaine.

3 Who

The second Houre.

3

Who can expresse, consider, or conceaue,
Our Makers Mercy, our Redeemers Loue,
Or of that Spirit the Power which who receaue,
By sacred Ardour rauish'd are aboue,
O, to Creat, to Sanctifie, to Saue,
Ingratitude to Gratefulness may moue,
Who weighes those Works (else damned were his State)
Must [if no more] be grieu'd for being ingrate.

4

First ere by Ends Beginnings could be prou'd,
Whilst Time nor Place, to limit nought attain'd,
All wholly Holy, wholly to be lou'd,
God in Himselfe, and All in him remain'd,
Whilst both the Sunne, and Spheare in which he mou'd,
That which contain'd, and that which was contain'd,
Truth lightned Light, All in Perfection stood,
More high then Thoughts can reach, all God, all Good.

5

All this alone the LORD would not possesse,
But would haue some who taste his Goodnesse might,
Which by being giuen in no Degree proues lesse,
What darker growes the Sunne by gining Light?
Not that his Blisse ou'rflow'd, no, not beguesse,
All was of Purpose prouidently right,
His Glories Witnesses God Men did raise,
That they might it admire, Him serue, and praise.

6

VWhen God in Vs no Kind of Good could see,
Saue that which first was from Himselfe to fall,
Great was his Fauour making Vs to be,
Euen ere we were, much lesse deseru'd at all,
What? since in vs Affection must be free,
Who dare presume to make our Makers Thrall?
He first vs freely made, when nought, of Nought,
When sold to Sinne, with his owne Blood vs bought.

E

7 Though

The second Houre.

7

Though Some sometime inspir'd by God we see
Doe gratefull, I, not meritorious Deedes,
The Fruit, not Root of Mercies sauing Tree,
Which was CHRISTs Crosse whence all our Rest proceedes,
As owing Most, they should most humble be,
To Him whose Grace in them such Motions breeds,
From whom for Good a Mind, and Meanes, they had,
Where Others were abandon'd to be Bad.

8

The LORD to those whose Soules produce his Seale,
Good things doth giue, as who them justly owes,
Bound by his Promise, pleaded with true Zeale,
Which all the Arguments of Wrath ou'rthrowes,
Whilst they from it to Mercy do appeale,
Which justifies all that Repentance shoves:
God Sinnes confess'd with Griefe, with Ioy forgives,
That which Faith humbly seekes, Power freely giues.

9

He [who] when Pilgrims all their Trouble sees,
The faithfull Soules from Danger doth secure,
And them from Fetters of Corruption frees,
Griev'd for the Grievous which Mortalls must endure,
But now for them (fulfilling first Decrees)
He would true Rest perpetually procure,
At that great Court which must determine All,
Euen till CHRIST rise as Iudge from *Adams* Fall.

10

Their Blood which Tyrants by euill Angels led,
Like worthlesse Waters lauish'd on the Dust,
From out the Altar cryes, all that was shed
From *Abel* till (and since) *Zacharie* the Iust,
To see the Wicked with Confusion cled,
When judg'd by Him in whom they would not trust,
The sorrow of his Saints doth moue God much,
No sweeter Incense then the Sighes of such.

The second Houre.

11

God is not slacke as Worldlings do suppose,
But onely patient willing all to winne,
Times Consummation quickly shall disclose
The Period of Mortalitie, and Sinne,
And for the same his Seruants to dispose,
Else charg'd by Signes the Proceſſe doth beginne,
Signes which each Day vpbraide vs with the last,
Few are to come, some present, many past.

12

What fatall Warnings do that Time preſage,
A due Attendance in the World to breede,
(Though oftner now) some vs'd in euery Age,
And some more monſtrous ſtraight the Day preceede :
Ah ſlie the Flames of that encroaching Rage,
And arme againſt theſe Terroures which ſuccede,
For whom the Firſt not feares, the Laſt confounds,
As whiſt the Lightning ſhines, the Thunder wounds.

13

Whiſt threatning Worldlings with the laſt Deluge,
Old *Noah* ſcorne acquir'd, but neuer Truſt,
Though building in their Sight his owne Refuge,
So were the People drunke with Pride and Luſt,
And ere the coming of the generall Iudge,
To damne the Bad, and juſtifie the Juſt,
Euen when the Tokens come which *CHRIST* aduiſ'd,
As *Noahs* then, *CHRISTS* Words are now deſpiſ'd.

14

Euen as the Lifes laſt Day to None was ſhown,
That ſtill attending Death all might liue right,
So that great Iudgements Day is kept vnknown,
To make vs watch as *CHRIST* were ſtill in Sight,
Like Virgins wiſe with Oyle ſtill of our own,
That when the Bridegrome comes, we want not Light,
Liue ſtill as looking Death ſhould vs ſur-prise,
And go to Beds and Graues as we would riſe.

E 2

150

The second Houre.

15

O what great Wonder that so few are found,
Whom those strange Signes make grieu'd, or glad appeare!
Though that Day halte which should their Soules confound,
Or from Corruption make them euer cleare:
If holy *Jerome* thought he heard the Sound
Of that dead Trumpet thundring in his Eare,
What jealous Cares should in our Brests be lodg'd,
Since greater Sinners, nearer to be judg'd.

16

When Will to Man, or rather Man to Will
Was freely giuen, then Discord did beginne,
Though Brether earst one did another kill,
Of Those who first were borne Lifes Race to rinne,
Thus striuing (as it seem'd) who did most Ill,
The Father fell, the Sonne did sincke in Sinne,
Loue *Adam* lost, but *Cain* kindled Wraith,
The Author breeding, Actor bringing Death.

17

Thus at the first Contentious Worldlings jarr'd,
Of all the World when only two were Heires,
And when that Nations were, then Nations warr'd,
Oft sowing Hopes and reaping but Dispaire,
Base Auarice, Pride, and Ambition marr'd
All Concord first, and fram'd Death diuerse Snares:
Though as a Wind soone blasted is our Breath,
We furnish Feathers for the Wings of Death.

18

Though as the sacred Register records,
Strife is (still boyling mortall Mens Desires)
The thing most fertile which the World affords,
Of which each litle Sparke may breede great Fires,
Yet that portentuous Warre which *CHRISTS* own Words
Cites as a Signe when Iudgement Earth requires,
It is not that which vaine Ambition bends,
By partiall Passions rais'd for priuat Ends.

The second Houre.

19

Such was the Warre which in each Age was mou'd,
When by prepostrous Cares from rest restrain'd,
Bent to be more then Men, Men Monsters prou'd,
Whilst others Lords, who their owne Slaues remain'd,
For whilst aduancement vaine they fondlie lou'd,
The Deuill their Soules, whilst they but Bodies gain'd,
So with their owne disturbing euery State,
They bought Hells Horrors at too high a Rate.

20

CHRIST came below, that Soules might be relieu'd,
Not to breed Peace, but worse then ciuill Warres,
Broyles among Brethren, scarce to be beleeu'd,
Euen twixt the Sonne, and Sire engendring Iarres,
God must be pleas'd who euer else be grieu'd
The Gospels growth no Tyrants malice marres,
As *Egypt*s Burdens *Israels* Strength did crowne,
The Truth mounts most when Men would presse it downe.

21

Those Warres which come before that fatall Day,
End things begunne, and endlesse things beginne,
Are not vs'd Broyles which States with Steell array,
Whilst Worldlings would but Worldly Treasures winne,
No, euen Religion must make Peace decay,
And Godlinesse appeare the Ground of Sinne,
Then let the World expect no Peace againe,
When sacred Causes breed Effects prophane.

22

Such Warres haue bene, such some are yet to be,
What must not once plague *Adams* cursed Brood?
Ah that the World so oft those Flammes did see,
Which Zeale had kindled to be quensh'd with Blood,
Whilst disagreeing thoughts in deeds agree,
Some bent for Sprituall, some for Temporall Good,
Hells Fire-brands rage whilst Zeale doth weakly smoake,
When Policie puts on Religions Cloake.

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The second Houre.

23

All Nations once the Gospells Light shall see,
That Ignorance no just excuse may breed,
Trueth spreads in spite of Persecution free,
The Blood of Martyrs is the Churches Seede,
That it condemn'd, or they condemn'd may be,
All on the Word their Soules may sometyne feed,
The Word by which All Helpe, or Harme must haue,
Those Knowledge damnes, whom Conscience can not saue.

24

When bent to mitigat his Fathers Wrath,
Mans mortall Vaile the God-head did disguise,
The VVorlds Redeemer was engag'd to Death,
And rais'd Himselfe to show how VVe should ryse,
Those twelue whose Doctrine builded on his Breath,
To beare his Yoke ail Nations did entyse,
They Terrours first, and then did Comfort sound,
For ere the Gospel heale, the Law must wound.

25

In simple Men who seruile Trades had vs'd,
(The Wyfest of the World are greatest Fooles)
The holy Ghost one Trueth, all Tongues infus'd,
And made them teach who neuer knew the Schooles,
Yea, vvith more povver the Soules of Men they bruif'd,
Then Rhetorick could do vvith golden rules,
The Spirit (vvhen God the Soules of Men conuerts)
Doth moue the Teachers Tongues, the Hearers Hearts.

26

As Temporall Povver nere to the hottest Pole,
At first being sprung, then spred in other parts,
One State ou'r all did to the Starres extoll,
By morall Vertues, and by Martiall Arts,
Till colder Climats did that Heat controll,
Both shovving stronger Hands, and stouter Hearts,
That Miserie Reliefe, Plagues following Sinne,
Slaves Libertie, Lords Bondage did beginne.

The second Houre.

27

The Light of Heauen first in the East did shine,
Then ranne the Course kept by the Earthlie Light,
And did [as Zeale in Realmes] ryse, and decline,
Still giuing Day to some, to others Night,
The Faith of Men yet toyl'd it first to fyne,
And left no Land till loath'd, not forc'd, no flight,
The *Gadarens* in their Land did CHRIST confyne,
Till to his presence they preferr'd their Swyne.

28

Where are these Churches seuen, those Lanternes seuen,
Once *Asias* glorie, grac'd by sacred Scroules?
With Monsters now, as then with Martyrs euen,
The Turke their Bodies, Sathan rules their Soules,
Lands then obscure are lifted vp to Heauen,
Whose Soules like Linxes look, whilst theirs lyke Owles,
Those whom the Word renown'd, are known no more,
Those know GOD best, who scarce knew Men before.

29

The Worlds chiefe State old *Rome* with Glory gain'd,
Of which the losse her Nephewes shame did seale,
The Gospells Trueth at *Rome* once taught remain'd,
Yet from that puritie her Heires appeale,
Thus temp'rall Power, and Spirituall both *Rome* stain'd
Growne cold in Courage first, and last in Zeale,
The Church first stood by Toyles, whilst poore still pure,
And straight whilst Rich being rent, fell when secure.

30

From offering Grace no Storme the Word can stay,
Ere Iudgement come to those who will receaue,
In this last Age Time doth new Worlds bewray,
That CHRIST a Church ouer all the Earth may haue,
His Righteousnesse shall barbarous Realmes array,
If their first loue more ciuill Lands will leaue,
To *Europe* may *America* succede,
God may of Stones raise vp to *Abram* Seede.

The second Houre.

31

The Gospell once being preach'd in euery Place,
To Lands of which our Fathers could not tell,
And when the Gentiles all are draw'n to Grace,
Which in the new *Ierusalem* should dwell:
Then shall the stubborn *Iewes* that Trueth embrace,
From which with such Disdaine they did rebell,
Who first the Law, last shall the Gospell haue,
CHRIST whom he first did call, shall last receaue.

32

When GOD would but be seru'd by *Iacobs* Brood
(By his owne Mercie, not their Merites mou'd,)
The Gentiles did what to their Eyes seem'd good,
And Sathans Slaues the workes of Darkenesse lou'd,
They vnto Idoles offred vp their Blood,
Yea bow'd to Beasts, then Beasts more beastlie prou'd,
Those whom GOD did not chuse, a God did chuse,
And what they made did for their Maker vse.

33

But when that onely Soyle too narrow seem'd,
To bound GODS Glory, or to bound his Grace,
The Gentiles Soules from Sathan he redeem'd,
And vnto *Shems* did joyne of *Iaphets* Race,
The bastard Bands as lawfull were esteem'd,
The Strangers entred in the Childrens place,
The Infidels grew glorious by their Faith,
Whilst Mercies Minions Vessels were of Wrath.

34

That chosen Flock whom to Himselfe he drew,
Who saw not *Iacobs* fault, nor *Israels* sinne,
When we regener'd, they degener'd grew,
To lend vs Light their Darkenesse did beginne,
Yea, worle then we when worst, GODS Saints they flew,
And when that his Vine-yard they come to winne,
They first his Seruants kill'd and then his Sonne,
Nought growes more fast then Mischiefe when begunne

The second Houre.

35

Sonnes of the second Match whom CHRIST should crownē,
Ah bragge not you as Heritours of Grace,
The naturall Branches they were broken downe,
And We wild Oliues planted in their Place,
Feare, feare, lest Seas of Sinnes our Soules do drowne,
Shall He spare Vs who spar'd not *Abrams* Race,
As they for lacke of Faith, so may we fall,
What springs in some, is rooted in vs all.

36

Till ours be full though *Israels* Light lyes spent,
Our Light shall once them to Saluation leade,
Is God like Man that he should now repent,
That Promise which to *Abrams* Seede was made?
For his great Haruest ere that CHRIST be bent,
The *Iewes* shall haue a Church, and Him their Heade,
Both *Iewes* and *Gentils* once, one Church shall proue,
We feare their Law, they shall our Gospell loue.

37

This Signe it seemes might soone accomplish'd be,
Were not where now remains that Race of *Shems*,
The *Gentils* Dregs, and Idoles which they see,
Makes them loth all, for what their Law condemns,
To be baptiz'd yet some of them agree,
Whilst them their Mates, their Mates the World contemnes,
And why should we not seeke to haue them sau'd,
Since first from them Saluation we receau'd.

38

When the Euangell most toyl'd Soules to winne,
Euen then there was a Falling from the Faith,
The ANTICHRIST his Kingdome did beginne
To poyson Soules, yet ere the Day of Wrath
Once shall Perditions Child, that MAN OF SINNE
Be to the World reueal'd, and plagu'd to Death.
God may by Tyrants scourge his Church when grieu'd,
Yet shall the Scourge be scourg'd, the Church relieu'd.

F

39 The

The second Houre.

39

The ANTICHRIST did come with Power and Might,
By Signes and Wonders to delude the Eyes,
Thus Sathan seemes an Angell whyles of Light,
That who the Truth contemn'd, may trust in Lies:
And this with Iustice stands euen in Gods Sight,
That he in Darkenesse fall, the Light who flies,
And O this is the vttermost of ill,
When God doth giue one ou'r to his owne Will!

40

This Aduersarie of CHRISTS heauenly Word,
He should himselfe extoll by Sathans Wit,
Ouer All that is call'd God or is ador'd,
And of Iniquitie no Meanes omit,
Though worthy of the World to be abhorr'd,
He in the CHVRCH of GOD as GOD shall sit:
This Hypocrite huge Mischiefe borne to breede,
Should looke like God, yet proue a Deuill indeede.

41

This Mysterie of Sinne which God doth hate,
Euen in *Pauls* Time beganne, and since endur'd,
Yet could not then be known, till from the Gate,
That which then stopt, was raz'd, and it assur'd,
The *Romane* Empire then it was so Greate,
That of lesse States the Luster it obscur'd,
The Let which then remain'd, being once remou'd,
This ANTICHRIST the next Aspirer prou'd,

42

That spirituall Plague which poysons many Lands,
Is not the *Turke* nor *Mahomet* his Saint,
Nor none who to crosse CHRIST directly stands,
He whom the Spirit takes such great Paine to paint,
It must be one who in the Church commands,
No Foe confess'd, but a Professour faint,
For if All did him know, None would him know,
Fain'd Friends, false Foes may whom they will ou'rthrow.

The second Houre.

43

Ere that Day come which should the Iust adorne,
And shall discouer euery secret Thought,
The ANTICHRIST whose Badge whole Lands haue borne,
The Prophet false which lying Wonders wrought,
The Beast with the blasphemous Mouth, and Horne,
Shall be reueal'd, and to Confusion brought,
For Causes hid though God a Space spare some,
Their Iudgements are the heauier when they come.

44

The shamelesse Whore which sits vpon seuen Hills
Whose Sight lasciuious riotously rouses,
Whose Wine doth make Kings drunke, snares thousands wills,
The Deuils chiefe Baud adulterating Soules,
The Cup of Wrath that filthy Strumpet filles,
Whose boundlesse Lust no Law, no Time controules,
That stumbling Block by whom so many fell,
Shall once burne here, and euer in the Hell.

45

The Part where now that Whore her Court doth hold,
Vile *Babylon*, abominable Towne,
Where euery thing, euen Soules of Men are sold,
Low in the Dust to lie shall be brought down,
Her Nakednesse all Nations shall behold,
And burne that Body which their Soules did drown,
Whore (as she sow'd) so shall she reape huge Euills,
Of the Worlds Mistresse made a Den of Deuils.

46

Flie faithfull Christians from that Sea of Sinne,
Who hate the Whore, and the two horned Beast,
Flie, flie in time, before their Griefe beginne,
Lest as their Pleasures, so their Plagues you taste,
When as the Lambe the Victorie doth winne,
He of fat things will make his Flocke a Feaste,
This Cloud disperfd, the Sunne shall shine more bright,
Whilst Darkenesse past endeeres the present Light.

The second Houre.

47

Now in the dangerous Dayes of this last Age,
When as he knowes that CHRIST to come prepares,
The Deuill shall like a roaring Lyon rage,
And to catch Soules shall set a thousand Snares,
He gainst GODS Saintes twise deadly Warres shall wage,
Whilst some Presumption tempts, and some Despaires,
If that this Time not shortned were, deceau'd,
GODS chosen Children hardly could be sau'd.

48

Some for a glorious Vse who once did serue,
As Starres to Eyes, cleare Lights of Soules esteem'd,
Loe, (stumbling Blockes) from their first Course doe swerue,
Not what they were, else were not what they seem'd,
Such justly damn'd (Lights Foes) as they deserue,
From Darkenesse more shall neuer be redeem'd,
Church Angells all, all for Examples vse,
So that their Fall doth many thousands bruise.

49

Men so the World shall loue, Religion hate,
That all true Zeale shall in Contempt be brought,
The spirituall Lights Eclipse shall grow so greate,
That Lies the Truth, Truth shall a Lie be thought,
Yet some shall weigh their Works at such a Rate,
As they Themselues, not CHRIST their Soules had bought,
All just to seeme, not be, their Thoughts shall bend,
Not bent to edifie, but to contend.

50

Some Signes are gone which registred were found,
To rouze the World before that dreadfull Blast,
But [Ah] what All now see, and I must found,
I wish they were to come, or else were past,
Those Signes, those Sinnes I sing, do warne, shall wound
This Age too ag'd, and worthy to be last,
It Signes that shadow'd were doth so designe,
I must historise, and not diuine.

The second Houre.

51

The Devils last charge to shunne Christ gaue aduyce,
Since all the World would be seduc'd by Lies,
He now whilst all adore their owne Deuyce,
Taints all mens Hearts, or else vpbraides their Eyes,
The Froth of Vertue, and the Dregs of Vice,
Which onely last, the Worlds last Period tryes,
So high a point Impietie doth winne,
Not grieu'd, no, not asham'd, men bragge of Sinne.

52

Men with Themselves so much in loue remaine,
That Rich without, and poore within being worne,
They (if not gorgeous) Garments do disdaine,
Though the first badge of Bondage which was borne,
Yet pamper'd Bodies famish'd Soules retaine,
Which seeke the Shadow, and the substance scorne,
Ere high aduanc'd, all once must humble proue,
Those first themselves must loath, whom God will loue.

53

The Greatest number now prophanely sweares,
And dare to Brawle, or Iest, name GOD in vaine,
Yet that Heauen Thunder, or Earth burst, not feares,
Lest so they crush'd, or swallowed should remaine:
Some vomit forth (polluting purer Eares)
That what them first, may others after staine,
A filthie Tongue, and a blasphemous Mouth,
Of Sathans Seed doe shoue a mighty Growth,

54

That Auarice which the Apostle told,
When as the World declynes Mens Mindes should sway,
Doth rage so now, that euen their GOD for Gold,
Not onely Men, Men in our time betray,
To Sathan some for gaine their Soules haue sold,
Whilst what their Hearts hold Trueth, their Words gain-say.
By Ethnickes once those must condemn'd remaine,
Who change Religion Earthlie things to gaine.

F3

55. What

The second Houre.

55

What Age ere this so many Children saw
Who with their Parents (O vnhappy Stryfe)
Plead still at Law, though wronging Natures Law,
And helpe to haste their Death who gaue them Lyfe?
Now Vertuous Words to vitious Deeds do draw,
The Loue of GOD is rare, of Pleasure ryfe:
This Darkenesse shoves that it drawes nere the Night,
Sinne it must shortly fall, since at the hight,

56

Then euen the most of Miserie to make,
The Soules of some which still being euill grow worse,
All Sence quyte lost in Sinne such pleasure take,
That frozen Myndes can melt in no remorse,
No threatned Terroures can their Conscience wake,
Sinne hath so much, the Spirit so litle force,
No Physick for the Sicke which liue as sound,
A Sore past sence doth shew a deadly wound.

57

As such a Burden it did burst to beare,
(Through Horrour of our Sinnes) the Earth doth shake,
And shall it selfe oft-tymes asunder teare,
Ere CHRIST his Iudgement manifest doth make,
Or else I know not if it quake for feare,
Of that gteat Fyre which should it shortly sacke:
The liuing Earth to moue, dead Earth doth moue,
Yet earthlie Men then Earth more earthlie proue.

58

Whyles in some parts whose Ruines Fame renownes,
In indignation of her sinfull Seede,
(As Men should do their Eyes) the Earth GOD drownes,
Which those to plague who the first cause did breede,
Doth vomit Mountaines, and doth swallow Townes,
The Worlds Foundation brangling lyke a Reede,
Whilst with pale Hearts the panting People thinke,
That Hell will rise, or that the Heauen will sinke.

The second Houre.

59

One Earth-quake toss'd the Turkes imperiall Heade,
Dayes sensible, but violent some Houres,
Till in that Towne a monstrous Breach was made,
[As charg'd at once by all the damned Powers]
I know not whether buried first, or deade,
Troupes seem'd to striue in falling with their Towers,
Whilst those who stood all trembling did attend,
That all the World[at least themselues] should end.

60

Twix *Rome* and *Naples* once (in Enuies Eye)
What stateiy Townes did the Worlds Conquerours found,
Which now we not (no, not their Ruines) spy,
Being laide more low then leuell with the Ground,
They with all theirs en-earth'd by Earth-quakes lye,
Whose Stones (drawn downe where Darknesse doth abound)
Lyke *Sisiphus* perchance a number roulles,
Else *Dis* builds Doungeons for the damned Soules.

61

Late neere those Parts whose Ruines men admire,
Where Wealth superfluous idle Wonders wrought,
An Earth-quake strange amazement did acquire,
A Plaine conceau'd, and forth a Mountaine brought,
Which diuerse dayes disgorged Flammes of Fire,
And Stones whose Substance was consum'd to nought:
Hells Fire it seem'd which as Gods Wrath still lights,
Grown great flamm'd forth vp-braiding Sinners fights.

62

Last in this Land our Eyes saw one of late,
Whose Terroure from some Mindes rests not remou'd,
Then any else as strange, though not so great,
Not violent, but vniuersall prou'd,
As if of *Natures* Course the threatned Date,
All at one Houre this Kingdome trembling mou'd,
The olde State loathing, longing for a new,
Earth leapes for joy, as ready to renew.

The second Houre.

63

But ah who wakes when rock'd is all this Round,
Or stryues to stand though euen the Earth thus starts?
Though God doth tosse this Ball till it rebound,
Who leaſt it part, from his Corruption parts?
Ah that the World ſo ſenſeleſſe ſhould be found,
Both Heauen and Earth do ſhake, but not Mens Hearts,
Since for his Word the World diſdaines to bow,
Dumbe Creatures do denounce Gods Iudgements now.

64

I thinke the Earth by ſuch ſtrange Throwes would tell
How much ſhe doth her preſent State deſpiſe,
Or elſe all thoſe who in her Bowells dwell
Do rouze themſelues as readie now to riſe,
Her Bellic thus growne Big doth ſeeme to ſwell,
As one whoſe Trauell ſoone ſhould her ſur-priſe,
And yet her Brood ſhe Viper-like muſt free,
Whoſe Courſe muſt end when Theirs beginnes to be.

65

As God that Day of Doome ſtrives to make known,
By Monſtrous Signes which may amaze the Mind,
That Iudgement Great by Iudgements is fore-ſhown,
Whiſt all the Weapons of his Wrath haue ſhin'd,
That others may (whiſt ſome reſt thus ouer-thrown)
Stand in the fornace of Affliction fin'd,
For ſtill the Wretched moſt Religious proue,
And oft Examples more then Doctrin moue.

66

The Sword of God ſhall once be drunke with Blood,
And Surfette on the Fleſh of thouſands flaine
Of thoſe who (following Euill) do flee from Good,
And (ſcorning CHRIST) profeſſe to be prophane,
From Gods Wine-pretſe of Wrath ſhall flow a Flood,
Which ſhall with Blood their Horſes Bridles ſtaine,
None may abide, nor yet can flie his fight,
When arm'd with Vengeance God doth thundring fight.

67 When

The second Houre.

67

When Father-like God chastising his Child,
Plagu'd all the Subjectes for their Soueraignes Crime,
What Thousands then were from the World exild?
Euen in three Dayes (so soone turnes Flesh to Slyme)
The Earth made waste Men had no more defild,
Had but one Angell warr'd a litle Time,
Since by Gods Word the World did made remaine,
Lesse then his Looke may ruine it againe.

68

The Pestilence of Wrath chiefe Weapon thought,
Which of all Plagues the PLAGUE is onely cald,
As if All else (respecting it) were nought,
It hath so much the Minds of Men appald,
That Wound by Gods owne Hande seemes only wrought,
Whose mediat Meanes scarce rest to Reason thrald:
That which we not conceaue, admire we must,
And in Gods Power aboue our Knowledge trust.

69

That poyson'd Dart whose Power none can gaine-stand,
God rarely vs'd in time of greatest Wrath,
And had it once but brangled in his Hand,
All trembling stood. (as twixt the lawes of Death)
Then now it selfe, the Fame more fear'd this Land,
Of this great Frensie which infects the Breath:
A thing thought strange by Habit homely proues,
What first all Griefe, at last all Sense remoues.

70

Once in one Age, few Dayes, and in few Parts,
The Pest some People to Repentance vrg'd,
And did with Terrour strike the strongest Harts,
Whilst his Vine-yard the Heauens great Husband purg'd,
The Quiuer of whose Wrath did raine down Darts,
By which of late what Kingdome was not scourg'd:
So that Men now not feare that VVhip of God,
Like Boyes oft beaten which contemne the Rod.

G

71L

The second Houre.

71

Lo in this stately Ile admir'd so much,
What Prouince, no, what Towne hath not bene pind,
By that abhorrd Disease which strikes who touch,
Whilst Byles the Body, Madnesse swells the Mind?
Ah of some Townes the Anguish hath bene such,
That All, all Hope of safetie had resign'd,
Whilst Friendes no Comfort gaue, no, no Reliefe,
The Sicknesse only (not the Death) bred Griefe.

72

This raging Ague bursts so vgly out,
Till Men of those whom they loue best, are dread,
Then Danger all in euery thing do doubt,
Men by the Plague made Plagues as Plagues are fled,
And are with Horrour compass'd round about,
When that Contagion through the Aire is spred,
The Air which first our Breath abus'd doth staine,
It poyson'd so but Poysons vs againe.

73

What thing more wretched can imagin'd be,
Then is the Towne where once the Botch abounds?
There not one Sense rests from some Burden free,
Three doe infect, and Two (though pure) beare Wounds,
Oft in one Hole Heapes thrown at once we see,
As where to burie Men fear'd Want of Bounds,
Yea whilst in Plaintes they spend their plagueie Breath,
Of all things which are fear'd the least is Death.

74

Death (whilst no Drogue this Feuers Force ou'rthrowes)
Oft ere the Patient the Physition claimes,
The Aire they draw their Heate still higher blowes,
Till euen what should refresh thus most enflames,
Of damned Soules the State their Torment showes,
Who gnash their Teeth as cold whilst Fire enflames,
And twix their Paines this Difference only winnes,
Death endes the One, the Other but beginnes.

75 To

The second Houre.

75

To plague those Parts where CHRISTs own Troupes do dwell,
The Angell which destroyes hath most bene bent,
That whom Words could not moue, Wounds may compell,
Ere Ruine come, in Time now to repent,
By Paine on Earth made thinke of Paine in Hell,
As this they flie, that That they may preuent:
What can discourage those whome CHRIST doth loue,
To whom Euill Good, Griefe Ioy, Death Life doth proue?

76

Where we should alwayes fight the Heauen to gaine,
By Prayers, Plaines and charitable Deedes,
To raise vp Earth on Earth our Strength we straine,
So base a Courage worldly Honour breeds,
This doth prouoke the Darts of Gods Disdaine,
By which offome the wounded Conscience bleedes,
All headlongs runne to Hell whose Way is euen,
But by a narrow Path are drawn to Heauen.

77

Of Vengeance now the Store-house opned stands,
O what a Weight of Wrath the World now beares!
Through Terrour straight why tremble not all Lands,
When God in Rage a Throne of Iustice reares?
And pours down Plagues whilst brandishing his Brands,
The Pest being past the World next Famine feares:
Still thinke that Mischiefe neuer comes alone,
Those who feare more what is the lesse doe mone.

78

Since that the World doth loath celestiall Food,
That spirituall MANN A which Soules Nectar proues,
By Grace drawn forth from the Redeemers Blood,
A Gift (no Guerdoun) giuen to whom he loues,
Those who terrestriall things thinke only good,
Them Want shall trie whom no Aboundance moues,
For Ah of some so fat the Bodies be,
That of their Soules they not the Leanness see.

The second Houre.

79

Gons Creatures (oft condemn'd) shall once accuse
Those who in VVantonnesse them vainly spent,
And justly what vnjustly they abuse,
Shall vnto them more sparingly be lent,
That which they now supe fluouly vse,
Shall (made a Curse) not *Natures* Neede content,
A barren Soule should haue a barren Earth,
Oft temporall Plentie breeds a spirituall Dearth.

80

Those in the Dust who still prophanely roule,
Whose thornie Thoughts do chock that heauenly Seede,
Waich by the Word was sown in euery Soule,
Shall likewise want what should their Bodies feede,
What Most they trust, shall once their Hopes controule,
By earthly Hunger heauenly Thirst to breede,
Thus those (like Babes) whose Iudgement is not deepe,
VWho scorn'd a Treasure shall for Triffles weepe.

81

What Sauces strange (a Fault which Custome clokes)
To vrge the Bodies Appetit are made,
Which *Natures* selfe sufficiently prouokes,
But of the Soule when carnall Cares it leade,
The Appetite which (A heuen Nature chokes)
What Art is vs'd to quicken it when deade?
VWhen Bodies do too much, Soules nought digest,
But when the Others fast, are fit to feast.

82

Base Belly-gods whose Boord is Sathans Bate,
Whose Iudgements to your Taste rest only thrall,
The LORD in wrath shall cut away your Meate,
And for your Honny furnish you with Gall,
Like lothsome Beasts since you the Acornes eate,
Yet looke not vp to see from whence they fall,
Sonnnes prodigall who from your Father swerue,
You keeping worse then swine, shall justly sterue.

83 To

The second Houre.

83

To waken some which sleepe in Sinne as dead,
The LORD ere CHRIST do come all States to try,
Since being abus'd, shall breake the Staffe of Bread,
And as we him make Earth vs fruits deny,
The Corne shall wither, and the Grasse shall fade,
Then to nurce Men being rather bent to die,
As dutifull to him by whom they breed,
Gods Creatures pure, his Rebels scorne to feed.

84

Now in this Tyme which is the last esteem'd,
The Spirits impure do all in one conspyre,
And worke that God by Men may be blasphem'd,
To purchase partners of eternall Fire,
That who should them condemne, hath vs redeem'd,
Makes Enuie blow the Bellowes of their Ire,
The wicked Angells irritated thus,
Not seeke their safetie, but to ruine vs.

85

More neere doth draw Saluation to the Iust,
The more the Dragons Mind doth Enuie wound,
That Men (the Slaues of Death, the Sonnes of Dust)
As Heires of Heauen, with Glory should be crown'd,
And that perpetuall paines they suffer must,
Though (all Immortall) to no Bodies bound:
Nought true repose to the enuious brings,
Whom their owne harme, or others good still stings.

86

Mans Foe who first Confusion did deuise,
(By long Experience grown profound in skill)
Through strength oft try'd our Weaknesse doth despise,
And knowes what best may serue each Soule to kill,
He to his part our Passions doth entise,
And to betray our Wit corrupts our Will:
Whom God not guardes those Satan soone may winne,
Whilst Force doth charge without and Fraud within.

G 3

87 That

The second Houre.

87

That Heire of Hell whom iustlie God rejects,
Who sought by subtiltie all Soules to blind,
Not onely Shafts in secret now directs,
By Inspirations poysoning the Mind,
But euen a Banner boldly he erects,
As this Worlds Prince by publick power design'd,
From shape to shape this *Proteus* thus remoues,
Who first a Foxe, and last a Lyon proues.

88

He since his Kingdome now should end so soone,
Doth many *Circes*, and *Medeas* make,
That can obscure the Sunne, and charme the Moone,
Raife vp the Dead, and make the Liuing quake,
Whilst they by Pictures persons haue vndone,
Do giue to some, from others substance take:
Three Elements their tyrannie doth thrall,
But oft the fourth takes Vengeance of them all.

89

Whilst in his Hand the Bolts of Death he beares,
Still watching Soules the craftie Hunter lyes,
With inward Fancies, and with outward feares,
Whom he may tempt continuallie he tryes,
Whyles [rumbling Horrour] sounds assault the eares,
Whyles Monstrous Formes paint Terror in the Eyes:
He who with God euen in the Heauen durst strine,
Thinks soone on Earth Mens Ruine to contriue.

90

As many did possess'd by Spirits remaine,
When first CHRIST came Saluation to beginne,
So likewise now before he come againe,
Some Bodies daylie which they enter in,
By desprat meanes would be dispatch'd of paine,
Else (bound in Body) loose their Soules to Sinne,
And if that God not interpos'd his Power,
Straight euery Soule Hells Tyrant would deuoure.

The second Houre.

91

In some whom God permits him to abuse,
The Lord of Darkenesse doth at diuerse Houres
His subtill Substance fraudfullie infuse,
Till they his Spirit, his Spirit their Soules deuoures,
He as his owne doth all their Members vse,
And they [as Babes with Kniues] worke with his Powers,
O monstrous Vnion, Miracle of Euils,
Which thus with Men incorporats the Deuills!

92

When earst in *Delphos* after vglie cries,
The Priestresse *Pithia* seeming to be sage,
Big by the Deuill delyuered was of Lies,
She to the Terrour of that senselesse Age,
Still panting, swolne, Hell flamming through her Eyes,
Roar'd forth Responses by Prophetick Rage:
She to her LORD whilst prostituted thus,
An Image was of whom he filles with vs.

93

Of those who are possess'd in such a sort,
Some to themselues whom Sathan doth accuse,
They Mad (or He in them) whyles brag, whyles sport,
And whilst they would the Lookers on abuse,
Do secrets (to themselues not known) report,
And of all Tongues the Eloquence can vse,
All what each Age deuif'd obseruing still,
The Deuill knowes much, but bends it all to ill.

94

O Heauens be hid, and lose thy Light O Sunne!
Since in the World (O what a fearefull thing!)
The Deuill of some so great a power hath wonne,
That what was theirs he doth in bondage bring,
Then from their Bodie speakes (as from a Tunne,)
As sounds from Bells, or Floods through Rockes do ring:
Deare Sauour ryse, and in a Iust disdain,
This Serpent bruisse, this *Linathan* raine!

The second Houre.

95

The Sunne, and Moone, now often-times looke pale,
(As if alham'd the Shame of Men to see)
Or else grown old, their force beginnes to faile,
That thus so oft eclips'd their Beauties be,
And ouer their Glory Darkenesse doth preuaile,
Whilst faint for Griefe their Ruine they foresee,
For (as superfluous) they must shortly fall,
When as the light of Light doth lighten all.

96

The Heauenlie Bodies [as being grown lesse strong]
Do seeme more slacke, [as wearie of their Race]
So that Tyme rests reform'd [as being runne wrong]
All Clim its still new Temperatures embrace,
What strange Effects must follow then ere long?
Some Starres seeme new, and others change their place,
So altred is the starrie Courts Estate,
Astrologues want intelligence of late.

97

Each element by diuerse Signes hath showne,
That shortly euill must be discern'd from good,
The Earth (ag'd Mother) now is Barren grown,
Whose Wombe oft worne, now torne, doth faile in Brood,
And may (since staggering else) be soone ou'rthrowne.
What wonder? Weake through Age and drunke with Blood:
With Blood, which still to God for Vengeance cries,
And (as o'reburden'd) groning groueling lyes.

98

The liquid Legions by tumultuous Bands,
Whose bellowing Billowes to transcend contend,
Do whyles vsurpe, whyles leaue possessed Lands,
In Monsters fertill, fishes rarely lend,
Whilst crown'd with Clouds each murmuring Mountain stands
Which acted first, but suffer must in end,
A mighty Change Heauens Monarch now concludes,
Floods first quensh'd flams, flams straight shall kindle floods.

99 The

The second Houre.

99

The Aire whose Power impetuous Nought can bound,
Doth cite all Soules to Gods Great Parliament,
Whilst thundring Tempests roare a rumbling Sound,
And the last Trumpets Terrour represent,
Those Blasts denounce the Ruine of this Round,
Which Heauen in Showres seemes weeping to lament:
Thus Waters wash, Winds wipe, and both conspire,
That Earth so purg'd may be prepar'd for Fire.

100

The Water, Earth, the Aire would it ourthrow,
Whose Rage by Ruine only is repress,
The High things still insulting ou'r the Low,
Till once the Highest haue consum'd the Rest,
The fourth must end what the first three fore-show,
Whose prooffe is last reseru'd as being the Best,
A fire Triall euery thing defines,
And All at last to a Perfection finēs.

101

Then *Natures* Selfe not strong as of before,
Yeeldes Fruits deform'd as from a bastard Seede,
That monstrous Minds may be admir'd no more,
Whilst monstrous Bodies more Amazement breede,
All the Portentuous Brood of Beasts abhorre,
And since prodigious ominously dreade,
From their first Forme since all things thus decline,
All in another Shape must shortly shine.

102

Few Signes or none remaine Mens Minds to moue,
Till of the Sonne of Man the Signe craue Sight,
That Glory which vnspeakable doth proue,
CHRISTS Substance, no, his Shaddow, yet our Light,
Whose Majestie, and Beautie, from aboue,
Shall ere he shine, make all about be bright,
The Comming of the LORD that Signe bewrayes,
As Lightning Thunder, as the Sunne his Rayes.

H

103 Yet

The second Houre,

103

Yet this vile Age (what Rage?) some Mockers breedes,
That big with Scorne disdainfully dare say,
What change mad Minds with such fond Fancies feedes,
From the first Forme since nought below doth stray,
The Sommer Haruest, Winter Spring succedes,
The Moone doth shine by Night, the Sunne by day,
Males procreat, and Females do conceaue,
Some dayly Life do lose, some it receaue?

104

O Atheists vile, else Christians voyde of Care,
From Gods Tribunall who in vaine appeale,
That CHRIST to judge the World doth straight prepare,
You thus [contemning Signes] a Signe reueale,
Whose Harts obdur'd the Nearenesse doth declare,
Of your Damnations, our Saluations Seale,
And whilst your Hart both Heauen, and Hell derides,
Your Iudgement Heauen, your Torment Hell provides.

105

Yet foolish Soules their Pleasures still affect,
And marrying Wiues what Mirth may moue deuise,
But whilst asleepe their Safetie they neglect,
CHRIST (as a Theefe) against them shall arise,
And (in a Rage) when they Him least expect,
Shall slouthfull Seruants suddainly surprise,
As Such shall wish [their Talents strictly try'd]
That from his Face them Hilles, them Hells might hide.

106

O Multitude, O multitude as Sand!
A day of Horreur strange shall straight appeare,
Come down and in the threshing Valley stand,
The threshing Valley (lo) the LORD drawes neare,
And else doth take (take heed) his Fanne in Hand,
Light Soules as Chaffe with Wind euanish heere,
The Haruest is ripe, and the Wine-presse is full,
Yea Wickednesse ou'rflowes: all Harts are dull.

107, Seale

The second Houre.

107

Seale, Viall, Trumpet, Seuenth, opens, poures, sounds,
What doth not intimate Gods Great Decree,
Which *Natures* Course, Mans Faith, Gods Mercy bounds,
Euen in a time, when Time no more should be,
The Fire is kindling else which All confounds,
Gods Hand (lo) writes, his Ballance rais'd we see:
When Souls are weigh'd [Gods wondrous Works to crown]
The Weightie must mount vp, the Light fall down.

108

But ere the Depthes of Wrath I enter in,
When as Repentance shall no more haue place,
As God a while deferres some Soules to winne,
I will suspend my Furie for a Space,
That ere the Hight of Horroure do beginne,
My Thoughts may bath amidst the Springs of Grace,
To cleare some Soules which Sathan seekes to blind,
LORD purge my Spirit, illuminat my Mind.

H 2



DOOMES-DAY,
OR,
THE GREAT DAY OF THE
LORDS IVDGEMENT.

The third Houre.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHilst Angels Him conuoy, & Saints attend,
(The Heauens as Smoak all fled before his Face)
CHRIST through the Clouds With Glo: y doth descend,
With Majestie, and Terrour, Power, and Grace:
What flie, walke, grow, swim, All what may ende, do end,
Earth, Air, and Sea, All purg'd in litle Space,
Strange Preparations that great Court preceede,
Where All must meet whom any Age did breede.

I

IMmortall MONARCH Ruler of the Rounds,
Embaume my Bosome with a secret Grace,
Whilst lifted vp aboue the vulgar Bounds,
A Path not pau'd my Spirit aspires to trace,
That I with brasen Breath may rore forth Soules
To shake the Hart, fixe Palencsse in the Face:

LORD make my swelling Voyce (a mighty Winde)
Lift vp the Low, beate downe the lofty Mind.

2

What dreadfull Sound doth thunder in my Eares?
What pompous Splendor doth transport mine Eyes?
I wot not what aboue my selfe me beares,
He comes, He comes who all Hearts Secrets tries,
Showt, showt for Ioy who long haue rain'd down Teares,
Houle, houle for Griefe in Ease who wallowing lies,
Now shall be built and on Eternall Grounds,
The Hight of Horrour, Pleasure passing Bounds,

3 Now

The third Houre.

3

Now no more firme the Firmament doth flie,
As leapes the Deere fled from the Hunters face,
Loe, lyke a Drunkard reels the Cryftall Skie,
As Garments olde degraded from their grace,
All folded vp the Azure Pallions spy,
Which with a noyse doth vanifh from the Place,
The Lanterne burnt, Light vtters vtter Worth,
Drawne are the Hingings, MAIESTIE comes forth.

4

Who can abide the Glory of that fight,
Which kills the Liuing, and the Dead doth raife,
With Squadrons compass'd, Angells flammimg bright,
Whom Thoufands ferue, ten thousand Thoufands praife,
My Soule entranc'd Reft rauifh'd with that Light,
Whofe leaft-leaft part may all the World amafe,
That of our Spirit which doth the Powers condense,
Of muddie Mortalls farre transcends the fenfe,

5

A Fyre before him no refiftance findes,
Fierce founds of Horroure thunder in each eare,
The noyce of Armies, Tempefts, and Whirle-windes,
A weight of Wrath, more then ten Worlds can beare,
Thinke what a Terroure ftings diftracted Mindes,
When Mountaines melt, and Valleyes burft for feare,
What? what muft this in guiltie Mortalls breed,
Whilft all this All ftands trembling like a Reed?

6

The GOD of Battells Battell doth intend,
To daunt the Nations, and to fetter Kings,
He with all Flefh in Iudgement to contend,
At Mid-night comes as on the *Mornings* wings,
O tyme of Ruine ending without End,
Huge tyme of Vengeance where all ballanc'd hings!
The LORDS Great Day, a Day of Wrath and Paine,
Whofe Night of Darkenefse neuer cleares againe.

The third Houre.

7

That Element still cleare in spight of Nights,
Which as most subtill mounted vp aboue,
To kindle there perchance those glorious Lights,
Which dy'd by it, as deckt by Beautie moue,
Of curious Fancies else to stay the Flights,
As which may not be touch'd, a bounds did proue,
That they presume no higher things to see,
Then are the Elements of which they be.

8

Marke how *Æolian* Bands loof'd from the Bounds
Where them in Fetters the Eternall keepes,
As if the angrie Spirit of all the Rounds,
Like Tyrants rage, till Heauen to quench them weepes,
Whose rumbling Furie whilst it all confounds,
Whyles cleaues the Clouds, whyles parts the deepest Deepes
By Noyse aboue, and Violence below,
Earth-quake and Thunder both at once to show.

9

Euen so Fire which was made (nought to annoy)
To liquid Limits clos'd with Clouds retire,
Lest what it fosters, it might else destroy,
O when enlarg'd and kindled by Gods Ire,
It him at Midnight doth as Torch conuoy,
All all will seeme a PYRAMID of Fyre,
To GOD what is this Vniuersall Frame?
Now but a Moate, at last a litle Flame?

10

The Axell-trees on which Heauens Round doth moue,
Shrunke from their Burden both fall broken downe,
Those which to Pilots point out from aboue
Their Wayes through Waues to richesse or renowne,
And so (though fix'd) the Strayers helpers proue,
Nights stately Lampes borne in an Azure Crown,
Those guyding Starres may as not needfull fall,
When worldlings wandrings are accomplish'd all,

The third Houre.

II

The Vagabonds aboute, lasciuious Lights,
Which from fond Mindes which did their Course admire,
By strange Effects obseru'd from seuerall hights,
[As Deities] Altars Idoles did acquire,
Thrown from their Spheares expos'd to Mortalls sights,
As abject Ashes, excrements of Fire,
They in their Ruines (farre from what before)
Shall damne the Nations which did them adore.

12

With Ludgings twelue design'd by seuerall Signes,
Now falls that Building more then Crystall cleare,
Which the dayes Eye (though circling all) confynes,
Still tempring Tymes, and seasoning the Yeare,
All temporall Light (no more to ryse) declynes,
That Glory may eternallie appeare,
All then being Infinit, no bounds attend,
Tymes and halfe tymes being past, Tyme takes arrend,

13

As flymie Vapours whilst like Starres they fall,
Shot from their Place do hurle alongst the Skie,
The *Pleiades*, *Arcturus*, *Orion*, all
The glistring Troupes [Lights languishing] do die,
Lyke other Creatures to confusion thrall,
They from the Flammes (as Sparkes from Fyre) do flie,
The Heauens at last grieu'd for their falling Spheares,
(All else dry'd vp) weep down their Starres for Teares.

14

As Leafes from Trees, the Starres from Heauen do shake,
Darke Clouds of Smoake exhausting those of Raine,
The Moone all turnes to Blood, the Sunne growes Blacke,
Which whilst those Monstrous Formes they do retaine,
Of Vengeance Badges, Signes of Ruine make,
And not eclips'd by vsuall meanes remaine,
Those common Lights obscur'd, the Iust shine bright,
The Wicked enter in Eternall Night.

15. While

The third Houre.

15

VVhilst staggering reels this Vniuerfall Frame,
The Heauens bow down with God as being his Seat,
His Scepter Iron, his Throne a fyrie Flame,
To bruise the Mighty, and to fyne the Great,
VVho of his Glory can the Greatnesse dreame
VVho once was valued at a litle Rate?

God by his Word did first make all of nought,
And by his Word shall judge All of each thought.

16

When God his people did together draw
On *Sions* Mount to register his Will,
He [that they might attend with reuerent Aw]
Came clad with Clouds sterne Trumpets sounding shrill,
And threatned Death, (whilst thundring forth his Law)
To all that durst approach the trembling Hill:

What compassed with Death he thus did giue,
Ah, who can keep, or violat, and liue?

17

Since this confounding Forme did (Myndes to tame,
That of their Yoke all might the burden know)
Those dreadfull Statutes terrible proclaime,
All Flesh for feare shall fade away below,
How they were kept when God a count doth claime,
A tyme of Terrour more then words can show,
He gaue in Mercie, shall exact with Ire,
The Mountaine smoak'd, the World shall burne on Fire.

18

In spight of *Natures* powers which then exspyre,
Through liquid Limits breaking from aboue,
Lo down-ward tends the Tempest of this Fyre,
The Airie Region doth a Fornace proue,
To boyle her Guests the Vessells of Gods Ire,
Which tortur'd there can no where else remoue,
Flammes which should still for their confusion rage,
Thus kindled first perchance nought can asswage

19 The

The second Houre

19

The growing Creatures which doe mount most high,
And as their earthly Bounds they did disdaine,
Would (whilst their Tops encroach vpon the Skie)
Base Men vpbraide who not their Strength doe straine
With heauenly Helps still higher vp to flie,
And spurne at Earth where rooted they remaine,
Those leauie Bands while as they fan the Air,
As fittest Baits for Fire first kindle thair.

20

Who can imagine this and yet not mourne?
What Battell must succede this huge Alarme?
Of *Lebanon* the stately Cedars burne,
The Pines of *Idus* fall without an Arme,
The fertill Forrests all to Flames do turne,
And waste the World which they were wont to warme:
To plague proud Sinners euery thing accords,
What Comfort once, Confusion now affords,

21

The smoaking Mountaines melt like Waxe away,
Else sincke for Feare (O more then fearfull things!)
They which the Fields with Riuer did array,
As if to quensh their Heat, drinke vp their Springs,
Like faded Flowres their drouping Tops decay,
Which crown'd with Cloudes stretch'd through the Air their
As did the Raine, the Fire doth sease all bounds, [wings,
What Last the First, the Last at First confounds.

22

Then of That Birth Hills shall deliuered be,
Which big by Nature they so long haue borne,
Though it fond Mortalls (Slaues by being free)
To make Abortiues haue their Bellies torne,
Gold as when *Midas* wish (O just Decree!)
Shall flow superfluous Couetice to scorne,
What of All else did measure once the Worth,
Shall then ly loath'd by Aguous Earth spued forth.

I

23 The

The third Houre

23

The godly Kings wise Sonne from *Ophir* brought
With Ethnicks joyn'd [all welcome are for Gains)
What *Spaniards* now in other Worlds haue fought,
That golden Fleece still winne, and worne with Paines,
And yet it last which all this Trouble wrought,
From molten Mountaines shall ou'flow the Plaines:
Ah, ah curst Gold what mak'st thou not Men doe,
Being fought ouer all the Earth, and in it to?

24

Fond Coueting made our first Parents fall,
And since the same hath still held downe their Race,
Whose Iudgements were to senselesse things made thrall;
Which God most low, and they most high do place,
Nought in themselves, to vs by vs made All,
The which we first, and then they all things grace,
But straight dissolu'd they shall to Hell repaire,
To braue a Multitude by them drawn thaire.

25

At Heauen (when hence) if certaine to arriue,
These barbarous Soules were well, who free from Noy,
Walke naked, feede on Herbes, and for Nought strive,
But scorne our Toyles, whose Treasure is their Toy,
As *Adam* first (when innocent) they liue,
And goldlesse thus the golden Age enjoy,
We barbarous are in Deedes, and they in Show,
Too litle they, and ah too much we know.

26

What huge Deluge of Flames enflames my Mind,
Whilst inward Ardour that without endeeres,
A Light ou'flowing Light doth make me blind,
The Sea a Lanterne, Earth a Lampe appeares,
That crystall Couering burn'd which it confin'd,
The Way to Ruine fatall Lightning cleares,
Dust equalls all which vnto it returne,
All Creatures now one funerall Fire doth burne.

The third Houre.

27

The stately Birds which sacred were to *Ioue*,
Whose Pourtraits did great Emprours Powers adorne,
Whilst generously their Race they striv'd to proue,
Which *Titans* Beames with bended Eyes had borne,
Shall fall down headlongs burning from aboue,
(As *Phaeton* was faine) Ambitions scorne:
As fit to fall who of themselves presume,
Those raging Wrath doth at the first consume.

28

The sixt and last of that vnmatched Kind,
(If each of them doth liue a thousand Yeeres)
Shall Sabbath haue in Ashes still confin'd,
Whose Birth, Death, Nest, and Tombe all one appeares,
That only Bird which ouer all others shin'd,
[As ouer all Lights that which Nights Darkenesse cleares,]
He from renewing of his Age by Fire,
Shall be preuented ere that it expire.

29

The Salamander which still *Vulcan* lou'd,
And those small Wormes which in hote Waters dwell,
This liues in Fire, that dies from it remou'd,
But those last Flames shall both from Breath expell,
Those Creatures thus by burning Heat oft prou'd,
Show tortur'd Soules may pine, yet breath in Hell,
If those in Fire (and with Delight) remaine,
May not the Wicked liue in Fire with Paine.

30

That pompous Bird which still in Triumph beares,
Rould in a Circle his ostentive Taile,
With Starres (as if to braue the starrie Spheares)
Then seemes at once to walke, to flie, to saile,
His Flesh which kept nought to Corruption weares,
Against Destruction shall not now preuaile,
Those painted Fowles shall then be Baits for Fire,
As painted Fooles be now for endlesse Ire.

The third Houre.

31

The *Indian* Griphon Terrour of all Eyes,
That flying Giant, *Nimbrod* of the Air,
The scalie Dragon which in Ambush lyes,
To watch his Enemie with a Martiall Care,
Though breathing Flames, touch'd by a Flame straight dies,
And all wing'd Monsters made (since hurtfull) rare,
Types of strong Tyrants which the Weake oppresse,
Those rauenous great Ones Prey vpon the Lesse.

32

Their nimble Feathers then shall nought import,
Which with their Wings both leuell Sea and Land,
The Faulcon fierce, and all that actiue Sort,
Which by their Burden grace a Princes Hand,
And [they for Prey, their Bearers bent for Sport]
Do thrall great Monarches which euen Men command,
Ere fallen on Earth their Ashes quenshed be;
Whom soard of late aloft Men scarce could see.

33

Those Birds [but turn'd to Dust] againe shall raine,
Which mutinous *Israel* with a Curse receau'd,
And those for Sport so prodigally flaine,
For which (what shame) some Belly-monsters crau'd
Long Necks like Crans their Tastes to entertaine,
From which the PHENIX hardly can be sau'd,
In Bodies base whose Bellies still are full,
The Soules are made (choak'd with grosse Vapours) dull.

34

The feathred Flockes which by a Notion strange,
(I know not how inspir'd or what they see)
Or if their inward Following outward Change,
As true Astrologues gathering Stormes foresee,
In quaking Cloudes their murmuring Troupes which range,
To waile, or warne the World hui'd on some Tree,
Nought vnto them this Generall Wracke fore-showes,
Men, Angels, no, not CHRIST [as Man] fore-knowes.

35 The

The third Houre.

35

The rage of Tyme those Changelings to appeale,
Like fained Friends who Fortune only wooe,
Which haunt each soyle whilst there they find their Ease,
Though I confesse this shoves their Greatnesse too,
Who at their Will vse Kingdomes as they please,
Euen more then Monarches with great Hostes can do.
But yet where ere they be they then shall fall,
Gods Armie, I, his Arme doth stretch ouer All,

36

Those which themselues in Ciuill Warres do match,
Whose sound triumphall Lyons puts to flight,
The *Mornings* Vshers, vrging Sleepes dispatch
Whose Wings applaud their Voyce saluting Light,
The Labourers Horloge, ordinarie Watch,
Whose Course by *Nature* rul'd goes alwayes right,
Those Trumpeters dissoluing many Dreame,
May then not see the Day which they proclaime.

37

So suddainlie all shall with Ruine meet,
That euen the Fowle which still doth streames pursue,
As if to wash, or hyde, her loath'd black Feet,
Then swimmes in state proud of her snowie hue,
Who vs'd with Tragick Notes (though sad, yet sweet)
To mak *Meanders* Nymphes her dying rue,
She being surprys'd not dreaming of her death,
Shall not haue time to tune her plaintiue Breath.

38

The winged Squadrons which by feeling find
A Body (though Inuisible) of Aire,
Both solid, waste, clos'd, open, free, confin'd,
Whilst weigh'd by lightnesse staves by mouing there,
As Swimmers Waues, those Fliers beat the Wind,
Borne by their Burdens, Miracles if rare,
The Feathers fyr'd, their stretched Armes do shrink,
And by being lighter, heauier down they sinke.

13

39 Tha

The third Houre.

39

That sort which diuing deep, and soaring hie,
Lyke some too subtrill trusting double wayes,
Which swimme with Fishes, and with Fowles do flie,
Whilst still their course the present Fortune swayes,
At last in vaine their liquid Fortresse tie,
Of Wrath the Weapons nought saue Ruine staves,
To flie the Aire down in the Depthes they bend,
For want of Aire down in the Depthes they end.

40

Wing'd Alchimists which quintessence the Flowres,
As oft-tymes drown'd before, then burn'd shall be,
Then measuring Artists by their nombrous Powers,
Whose workes proportions better do agree,
Which do by Colonies vncharge their Bowres,
Kill Idle ones, sting Foes, what needs fore-see:
Men talke of Vertue, Bees do practise it,
Euen Iustice, Temperance, Fortitude, and Wit.

41

What Agonie doth thus my Soule inuest?
I thinke I see Heauen burne, Hells Gulfes all gape,
My panting Heart doth beat vpon my Brest,
As vrging Passage that it thence may scape,
Rest from my selfe yet no where else I rest,
Of what I was reseruing but the shape,
My Haires are bended vp swolne are mine Eyes,
My Tongue in silence Myndes amazement tyes.

42

Who can but dreame what Furies plague thy Soule,
Poore sinfull Wretch who then art toss'd with Breath?
Whilst desp'rat Anguish no way can controule,
The raging Torrent of consuming Wrath,
In euery Corner where thy Eyes can roule,
Their sweetest shewes more bitter are then Death,
Who can expresse thy Feelings, or thy Feares,
Which euen Repentance can not helpe with Teares?

The third Houre.

43

To looke aloft if thou dare raise thy Sight,
Weigh'd down as damn'd by guiltie actions gone,
What Horrou, Terrour, Error, all affright
Thee, trembling thee, who out of tyme do'st grone?
Oft shall thou wish that thee false Mountaines might
Hyde from his Face who sittes vpon the Throne,
But ah in vaine a lurking Place is sought,
Nought can be couered now, no, not one Thought.

44

The dreadfull Noyse which that great Day proclaimes,
When mix'd with Sighes and Shouts from Mortalls here,
O how deform'd a Forme Confusion frames!
None can well thinke till that it selfe appeare,
Whilst Clouds of Smoake deliuered are of Flames,
They darken would their Birth, it them would cleare,
But whilst Both strue, None Victorie attaines,
This endlesse Darkenesse bodes, that endlesse Paines.

45

If seeking Helpe from thy first Parent slyme,
Lo *Plutoes* Palace, Dungeons of Despaire,
As fyr'd by *Furies*, kindled by thy Cryme,
Bent to encroach on interdicted Aire,
Do gape to swallow thee before the tyme
Whom they foresee damn'd for a Dweller there,
Heauen ouer thy Head, Hell burnes beneath thy Feet,
As both in Rage to fight with Flammes would meet.

46

With Owlle Eyes which horride Lightnings blind,
This to admire the Reprobat not neede,
Match'd with the Horrors of a guiltie Mind,
Nought from without but Pleasure can proceed,
Sinke in their Bosomes Hells and they shall find
More vglie things a Iuster feare to breed,
Of all most loath'd since first the World began,
No greater Monster then a Wicked Man.

The third Houre.

47

All sorts of Creatures soone consum'd remaine,
Crush'd by their death whose lyues on them depend,
Their treasons partners whom they entertaine,
Mans Forfeiture doth too towards them extend,
Whom since they can no further serue againe,
(True Vassalls thus) they with their Lords will end,
Though oft they them like Tyrants did abuse,
Whom as Ingrate their Dusts that day accuse.

48

Ere it we can call com'd, that which is past,
Charg'd with Corruption slowlie I pursue,
Since without Hope to reach, though following fast,
That which (like lightning) quickly scapes the view,
I where I cannot walke, a compasse cast,
And must seeke wayes to common knowledge due,
For Mortalls eares my Muse tunes what she sings,
With earthly Colours painting Heauenly things.

49

The last Deluge of Vniuersall Wrath,
To wash the Earth defiled all with Sinne,
So to prolong their litle puffs of Breath,
High Mountaines Tops both Sexes striu'd to winne,
But of accessse what Fort can frustrat death?
Death did attend them there where they did runne,
With Paine and feare, choak'd, dash'd, ere dying dead,
Death doubled so was but more grieuous made.

50

So when the flamming waues of wasting Fyre,
Ouer all the World do riotouslie rage,
Some to the Depths for safetie shall retire,
As *Thetis* kisse could *Vulcans* Wrath asswage,
But that Lieutenant of his Makers Ire,
Makes all the Elements straight beare his Badge,
Scorch'd Earth being op'ned swallowes Thousands down,
Aire thickned choakes with smoake, and Waters drown.

51 The

The third Houre.

51

The halting *Lemnian* highly shall reuenge
The ancient Scorne of other equall Powers,
Both strong and swift though lame (what Wonder strange)
He in his Madnesse all the Rest deuoures,
His Fiercenesse first his Mother toyles to change,
But hauing him embrac'd, she likewise lours,
And with her Sonne doth furiously conspire,
Straight from pure Air being All transform'd in Fire.

52

This Heat with Horrour may congeale all Harts,
Lifes Bellows toss'd by Breath which still doth moue,
That Fanne which doth refresh the inward Parts,
Euen it shall make the Brest a Fornace proue,
That Signe of Life which oft arriues, and partes,
Boyles all within, else burnes it selfe aboue,
At that dread Day denouncing endlesse Night,
All smoake, not breath, whilst Flames giue only Light.

53

That stormie Tyrant which vsurpes the Air,
Whilst Woll rain'd downe from Heauen doth him enfold,
A liquid Pillar hinging at each Hair,
Sneez'd fiercely forth when shaking all for Cold,
He clad with Flames a fire Leader thair,
Makes feeble *Vulcan* by his Aide more bold,
Whose Bellows fostred by the Others Blast,
May soone forge Ruine, Instruments to wast.

54

The Lands Great Creature, Nurceling of the East,
Which loues extreame, and with Zeale adores,
In Spirit and Nature both, aboue a Beast,
Whilst charg'd with Men he through the Battell roares,
And his arm'd Match (of Monsters not the least)
Whose Scales defensue, Horne inuasue gores,
Whilst foming Flames, as other to prouoke,
Straight joyn'd in Dust, their Battell ends in Smoke.

K

55 The

The third Houre.

55

The craftie Foxe which Numbers doth deceaue,
To get, not be a Prey, shall be a Prey,
The Embrions Enemie, Womens that conceaue,
As who might giue him Death, their Birth to stay,
That rauenous Wolfe which Blood would alwayes haue,
All then a Thought more quickly shall decay,
No Strength then stands, such Weaknesse went before,
Nor yet base Slight, meere Foolishnesse and more.

56

The Hart whose Hornes (as Greatnesse is to all)
Do seeme to grace, are Burdens to his Head,
With swift (though slender Legges) when Wounds appall,
Which cures himselfe where *Nature* doth him lead,
And with great Eyes, weake Heart, oft Dangers Thrall,
The warie Hare whose Feare oft Sport hath made,
Do seeke by Swiftnesse Death in vaine to shunne,
As if a Flight of Flames could be outrunne.

57

The painted Panther which not fear'd doth gore,
Like some whose beauteous Face foule Minds defame,
The Tiger Tigrish, past expressing more,
Since crueltie is noted by his Name,
The able Ounce, strong Beare, and fooming Bore,
(Mans Rebels since God did Man his proclaime)
Though fierce all faint and know not where to turne,
They see their old Refuge, the Forrests burne.

58

The mildest Beasts importing greatest Gaine,
Which others Crimes made Altars only touch,
By whom they cloth, and feede, not crying flaine,
The Christians Image, only true when such,
Their growing Snowes which Arts fraile Colours staine,
Was wrong'd, when faind of Gold, since worth more much,
But precious things the Owners Harms oft breede,
The Fleeces, Flames the Bodies doe succede.

The third Howre.

59

The Flocks for Profite vs'd in euery Part,
Though them to serue they make their Masters bow,
And are the Idoles of a greedy Hart,
Which (as old *Egypt*) doth adore a Cow,
Like *Hannibals* which *Fabius* mock'd by Art,
As walking Torches, all runne madding now,
By *Phæbus* tickled they to startle vs'd,
But *Vulcan* ruder makes them rage confus'd.

60

Their Martiall Cheiften Mastiues Rage to stay,
Pasiphaes Louer, *Venus* dayly Slaue,
With brandish'd Hornes as mustering first doth stray,
Then throwes them downe in Guard a Match to craue,
Straight [like the *Colchian* Bulles ere *Iasons* Prey]
He Flames not fain'd doth breath, but not to braue,
Like that of *Phalaris* whom one did fill,
He tortur'd bellowing doth ly bullering still.

61

Of all the Beasts by Men domesticke made,
The most obsequious, and obedient still,
The fawning Dog which where we list we leade,
And wants but Words to doe all which we will,
Which loues his Lord extreamly euen when dead,
And on his Tomb for Griefe himselfe doth kill,
He then with Tongue stretch'd forth doth panting rin,
Which straight when fir'd drawn backe burnes all within.

62

The generous Horse the Gallants greatest Friend,
In Peace for Show, and in effect for Warre,
Which to his Lord (when wearie) Legges doth lend,
To flie, or chase, in Sport, or earnest Farre,
A *Pegasus* he through the Air would bend,
Till that his Course (turn'd Centaure) Man doth marre,
His wauing Treasures fir'd to flie from Death,
He first the Wind outrunnes, and then his Breath.

The third Houre.

63

This Squadrons King that doth for Fight prepare,
As if he wrack'd the World doth raging goe,
His Foote doth beate the Earth, Taile whippes the Aire,
Mad to be hurt, and yet not find a Foe,
But soone his Shoulders rough the Fire makes bare,
And melts his Strength which was admired so,
Death doth to Rest arrest his rouling Eyes,
Loe in a litle Dust the Lyon lyes.

64

Those Poysonous Troupes in *Africks* Fields which stray,
In Death all fertill, as the first began,
By Look, by Touch, by Wound and euery Way,
True Serpents Heires in Hatred vnto Man,
Which God (still good) in Deserts maks to stay,
To waste the World still doing what they can,
But whilst they houle, scritch, barke, bray, hurle, hisse, spout,
Their inward Fire soone meetes with that without.

65

The Crocodile with running Depthes in Loue,
By Land and Water, of Tyrannicke powr,
With vpmost Iawes which (and none else) do moue,
Whose Cleansing first is sweet, oft after fowr,
And whyls his Crime his Punishment doth prone,
Whilst a deuouring Baite train'd to deuoure,
He neither now can fight, nor yet retire,
His scalic Armour is no Prooofe of Fire.

66

The Beast (though haunting Depthes) not there confin'd,
Whose Haires as precious decke each Great Mans Head,
Before like Eagles, Gooses like behind,
Whose Feet (as Oares) to manage Streames are made,
To waste the liquid Wayes not needing Wind,
Whose Taile his Course doth as a Rudder leade,
A Sparke false from a Tree may then confound
Him with his Teeth that now strikes Trees to Ground.

The third Houre.

67

The Otter black where finne-wing'd troupes repaire,
Fresh Riuers Robber which his prey doth chuse,
And all that kinde, nor Fish nor Flesh which are
But do two Elements (Amphibions) vse,
Not able to touch Earth, nor to draw Aire,
In Waters they their kindled Skinnnes infuse,
But yet refuge can find in neither Soile,
They burne on Earth, and in the Depths do boyle.

68

Floods seem'd to grone which beasts Incurfion maimes,
All altered then which lookt of late like Glasse,
And murmure at the flammings of their streames,
By Carcasses flot-flotting in a Masse,
A mouing Bridge whilst euery Channell frames,
When as there are no Passengers to passe,
With Beasts all buried Waters are press'd down,
Whilst both at once their Burdens burne and drown.

69

The Crystalls quicke which slowlie vs'd to go,
And others Heat by coldnesse did allay,
(As if being grieu'd to be polluted so)
Grown red with rage, boyl'd vp, pop-popling stay,
And tread in Triumph on their breathlesse Fo,
Whoses Ashes with their Sands they leuell lay,
But *Vulcan* now a Victor in each place,
By Violence doth all their Nymphes embrace.

70

The Dwellers of the Depths not harm'd in ought,
When first Vyce all, and next the Waters drown'd,
So since by some more sacred still are thought,
As whom Sinnes Scourge did onely not confound,
The Elements not pure to purge being brought,
They likewise fall, kill'd by this generall Wound,
The Fishes sodden are in euery Flood,
Yet find no Eaters though a callour Food,

The third Houre.

71

All which Corruption only serues to feed,
When it doth end, doth end, so Heauen designes,
Nought saue the Soule which doth from God proceede,
Ouer death triumphes, and still is pleas'd, else pynes,
Death not mans Essence, but his Sinne did breed,
And it with it, the end of Tyme confines,
Then Death and Lyfe shall neuer meet againe,
The State then taken alwayes doth remaine.

72

Salt Seas, fresh Streames, the Fish which loues to change,
The Riuers Prince esteem'd by daintie Tastes,
Which through the *Ocean* though he yearelie range,
The bounds him bred to see yet yearelie hastes,
(Ah Man whyles wants, O Monster more then strange,
This kind Affection common vnto Beasts)
That Salmon fresh for which so many stryue,
May then be had, boyld where it liu'd alyue.

73

The Trout, the Eele, and all that Watric Brood,
Which without Feet, or Wings can make much Way,
Then leape aloft forc'd by the raging Flood,
Not as they vs'd before, for sport, or prey,
That which whyles freez'd their Glasse to gaze in flood,
Now (turn'd to Flammies) makes what it bred decay,
Those which to take Men did all Snares allow,
All without Baites, or Nets are taken now.

74

Those Floods which first did Fields with Streames array,
The Riuers foure by sacred Write made known,
Which (since farre sundrie) makes their Wits to stray,
Who *Paradise* drawn by their Dreames haue shown,
As turn'd from it, or it from them away
In all the Earth their strength shall be ou'r-thrown,
Vvhom first high Pleasures, Horrors huge last bound,
(As if for Griefe) they vanish from the Ground.

The third Houre.

75

The fertile *Nilus* neuer rashlie mou'd,
Which (ag'd in trauell) manie Country knowes,
Whose Inundation by the Labourer lou'd,
As Barrenesse or Plentie it fore-showes,
From diuerse meanes (but doubtfull all) is prou'd,
Oft *Natures* worke all Reasons Power ouer-throws:
The Ancients wondred not to find his Head;
But it shall all inuisible be made.

76

Heauens Indignation seazing on all things,
The greatest Waters languish in their Way,
The litle Brookes exhausted in their Springs,
For Pouertie can not their Tribute pay,
Of Moisture spoyl'd the Earth craues Help, not brings,
The Mightie thus left to themselves decay:
Great powers compos'd make but of manie one,
Whose weaknesse shoves it selfe when left alone.

77

That Flood whose Fame more great then Waters straide,
Whose Race like it more then their owne would ow,
Which from the Appennins oft gathering aide,
Would those ouer-throw, who did the world ou'r-throw,
VWhich though vnstable onely stable staide,
In that great Citie where all else fell low,
It which so long familiar was with Fame,
Shall be dry'd vp an vnregarded streame.

78

The Sheep-herds Mirrours, all like Siluer pure,
VWhich curious Eyes delighted were to see,
VWhen Flammes from Heauen fraile Beauties shall combure,
No Creature then being from Confusion free,
Euen they shall grow more vglie and obscure,
Then the infernall Floods are fain'd to be,
Of their long course there shall no signe remaine,
VVorse then that Lake where Brimstone once did raine.

79 VVhilst

The third Floure.

79

Whilst *Thetis* bent to court those Streames [as vaine]
That on themselves to gaze sturye Time to win,
And liquid Serpents wynding through the Plaine,
(As if to sting the Earth oft gathered in)
Seeme to attend the remnant of their traine,
Them to out-go that neerer Wayes would rin,
Euen in that Pompe sur-prys'd dry'd are their Depths,
Whose Widow'd Beds scarce their impression keeps.

80

That Flood which doth his Name from Siluer take,
The Sea-like Ebbe, and others of the *Indes*,
Ouer which a Bridge Men by no meanes can make,
Whilst One borne there [amazing strangers Mindes]
On Straw or Reeds with one behind his Backe
Can crosse them all both scorning Waues and Windes,
Their emptie Channells may be tread on dry,
[Though pau'd with Pearles] then pretious in no Eye.

81

The Great which change before they end their Race,
Salt Floods, fresh Seas, by mutuall Bands as past,
Which siege the Seas and though repuls'd a Space,
Yet make a Breach, and enter at the last,
Which from the Earth (which strives them to embrace)
Whyles haste with speed, whyles do a compasse cast,
They then for Help in vaine to *Neptune* rinne,
By *Vulcan* rauish'd ere his Waues they winne.

82

The raging Rampire which doth alwayes moue,
Whose floting Waues entrench the solid Round,
And being by *Titans* kisse drawn vp aboue,
From Heauens Alembick drop vpon the Ground,
Of Fruits and Plants the vitall Blood to proue,
And foster all that on the Earth are found,
It lykewise yeelds to the Eternalls Ire,
Lo, all the Sea not serues to quenish this Fyre,

83 Yet

The third Houre.

83

Yet did the Sea presage this threatned Ill,
With vgly Roarings ere that it arriu'd,
As if contending all Hels Fires to kill,
By Violence to burst out through them driu'd,
Which must make monstrous Sounds jar-jarring still,
As Heat with Cold, with Moysture Drynesse striu'd,
When like the High, the Low, *Ioue* would thud, thud,
Euen as when Fires force Passage through a Cloud,

84

O what strange Sight not to be borne with Eyes!
That Tennis-court where oft the Windes too bold,
What still rebounded toss'd vnto the Skies,
And to the Ground from thence haue headlongs rold,
Doth now in raging Rounds, not Furrowes rise,
Then Hosts of Heat, as vs'd to be of Cold,
All Gouvernement the liquid State neglects,
Whilst *Neptunes* Trident *Vulcans* Hammer brecks.

85

When this huge Vessell doth to boyle begin,
What can it fill with Matter fit to purge?
The Earth as else without, if thrown within,
With all her Creatures kept but for a Scourge,
To wash away the foulness of that Sin,
Which on fraile Flesh strong Nature oft doth vrge,
But ah my Thoughts are vaine, this cannot be,
Seas cleanse not Sinne, Sinne doth defile the Sea.

86

O foule Contagion spreading still to Death,
What Pest most odious can with thee compaire?
Which being by Thoughts conceau'd, and borne with Breath,
Do straight infect the Sea, the Earth the Aire,
Which damn'd in Iustice, and chastiz'd in Wrath,
Do show that God no Creatures Spots will spaire?
All Scourges must be scourg'd, and euen the Fire,
As being impure must feele Effects of Ire.

L

87 The

The third Houre.

87

That restless Element which neuer sleepest,
But by it selfe, when by Nought else, is wrought,
Which joynes all Lands, yet them asunder keepes,
It ruins Rocks for last Refuge is sought.
Huge Troupes do throw themselves amidst the Deepes,
As if Death rest, then giuen, lesse Grief were thought,
Thus is Despaire hote Sonne of Father cold,
Rash without Hope, and without Courage bold.

88

The louing Alcion trustie to her Mate,
The which (saue this) no other Storme could catch,
Whose Arke not, erres amidst the going Gate,
Though none in it with Art the Waues doth watch,
To many Monsters, as expos'd a Baite,
Which mouing fittes, and in the Depthes doth hatch,
She of her Nest against the Waues presumes,
But neuer look't for Fire which all consumes.

89

The greatest Monster of the *Oceans* Brood,
Which lodg'd grieu'd *Jonas* harmelesse in his Wombe,
And did digest (yet to be fed) a Foode,
A buried quicke Man in a liuing Tombe,
He like a tumbling Towre at first runnes wood,
With Force, by Force disdaining to succumbe,
But straight his Fumes being fir'd a farre do shine,
As if some *Pharos*, but a deathfull Signe.

90

That little Wonder decking *Thetis* Bowre,
Whose adamantine Touch there strongly binds,
(Though both it saile and swim,) a wooden Towre,
For which Mans Wit no Show of Reason finds,
O matchlesse Vertue, admirable Power,
Which fights and foyles alone, Sailes, Oares, Waues, Winds,
Of all which liue it that most Strength hath shown,
Press'd downe by vulgar Bands doth die vnknown.

91 That

The third Hower

91

That mouing Mountaine in a fearfull Forme,
Which compassing a Ship, it down-wards flings,
And euen in Calmes doth vomit forth a Storme,
Whose Blood (all Poyson) where it touches stings,
That monstrous Masse, if Serpent, Eele or Worme,
To hastie Ruine his owne Greatnesse brings:
The Greatest sought for Harme are soonest spy'de,
Where litle Ones a litle thing will hide.

92

Of all the humid Host the most esteem'd,
The gentle Dolphins which the Depths decore,
Which not ingrate who them redeem'd, redeem'd,
Him help'd aliue, and did when dead deplore,
Of which one once with Musicke rauish'd seem'd,
When carrying safe *Arion* to the Shore,
Those which delight so much in pleasant Sounds,
The contrarie preuenting Fire confounds.

93

The fairest Nymphe which haunts the floting State,
To whose great Beautie *Thetis* Ennie beares,
The *Oceans* Muse from whose sweet Sounds [Soules bate]
The Lord of *Ithaca* did stop his Eares,
Of what she was most proud, that hastes her Fate,
The golden Haires which she disheueld weares,
Then whilst they burne her Head seemes crown'd with Light,
Thus Showes maske Miserie, and mocke the Sight.

94

Those which from Slight, by Slight their Liues oft win,
The Angler drawing scorned Lines to Land,
VWhilst some do cast forth Hookes, some draw them in,
And some benumme the gazing Holders Hand,
They can find Helpe in neither Force, nor Fin,
In Scale, on Shell, in Rocke, in Mud, or Sand,
VWhilst *Tritons* Sounds the broken Aire not beares,
A louder Trumpets Charge doth breach all Eares.

L 2

95 The

The third Houre

95

The floating Lodgings which all Soiles do try,
Which whilst they walke on Waues, and burden'd Stray,
Seeme swimming Mountaines, Castels which do flie,
Which Canons arme and Ensignes do array,
At first for Smoake they Nought about them spie,
Till all their Sailes on fire do cleare their Way,
Whilst Floods, and Flames, do all their Force imploy,
As if they stru'd which should the Ship destroy.

96

The liquid Labrinth thou who first did proue,
No doubt thy desprat Hart was arm'd with Steele,
Did not the Waues, and Cloudes, which alwayes moue,
[Firme Objects wanting] make thy Eyes to reele?
Then he who first did steale Fire from aboue,
Thou greater Torments do'st deserue to feele,
He only sought the Fire to quicken Breath,
And thou the Water as a VVay to Death.

97

O odious Monster since the VVorld began,
VVhich with thine owne could neueryet be pleas'd,
For Lacke of Rayment cold, for Hunger wan,
VVith what thou hast though many might be eas'd,
Thou poyson'd first the quiet Mind of Man,
VVhose Furie since can neuer be appeas'd,
But seekes both Sea and Land with endlesse Care,
And wants but VVings to violat the Aire,

98

That which enchroac'd on euery bordering Shore,
By oft renu'd Assaults vsurping Miles,
Shall then all ebbe, not flowing as before,
VVhilst trauelling *Thetis* doth bring forth new Iles,
VVhich Birth soone old, to be embrac'd no more,
She loth to leaue oft turnes, and kisses whyles,
Till all the VVorld one withered Masse appeares,
Spoyl'd of all Moysture, saue Mans fruitlesse Teares.

99 VVhat

The third Houre.

99

What hideous object? what a horride Sight?
O Terrour strange which euen I quake to thinke!
Where all of late was leuell at one hight,
Their Mountaines mount and Fields farre down do sinke,
All pau'd with Monsters, which if painting right,
Feare would make paper black and pale my Inke,
The Seas with Horrour so arrest my Hand,
I must amaz'd retire me to the Land.

100

The Land where Pleasure lodg'd, where Rest did rest,
Which did abound in Fruits, in Fowles and Beasts,
Of which (all good) none can discerne the best,
In number moe (though manie) then Mens Tastes
Made to refresh fraile Nature when distrest,
Though them fond Man superfluously wastes,
Till that the Earth doth to a CHAOS turne,
Which since his Teares not wash his Sinnes shall burne.

101

Where are the flowrie Fields, the fishie Streames,
The pasturing Mountaines, and the fertill Plaines,
With Shadowes whyles, whyles clad with *Titans* Beames,
As of Heauens Pleasures Types, and of Hells paines?
[Thus in our Brest some thoughts each Moment claimes,
To curbe rash Ioy with Contemplations raines]
Where are all those Delights in league with Sense,
Which make a Heauen when here, a Hell when hence?

102

Thou who thy Thoughts from no fond course reclaimes,
But do'st thy Eyes with pleasant objects cloy,
And let'st thy Heart haue all at which it aimes,
Bent of the Sonnes of Men to want no Ioy,
Those to thy sleeping Soule are all but dreames,
Which waking findes this Treasure but a toy,
Think, thinke, when all confounded thus remaines,
If temp orall Ioy be worth eternall paines,

L 3

103 Those

The third Houre.

103

Those stately Towns whose Towres did braue Heauens rounds,
Their Kingdomes quintessence for Wealth, and Skill,
A States abridgement drawn in litle bounds,
Which are, (whilst them Guests of all Lands do fill)
Mappes of the World, deduc'd from diuerse Grounds,
Where all Lyfes parts are act'd, both good and ill,
Which barbarous customes founded to remoue,
Most ciuill first, most subtile last did proue.

104

Those which great Monarches stronglie stry'd to ow,
(As which oft-tymes a Kingdomes Keyes do prone)
By Mindes like Earth-quakes shaken from below,
By Sulphurous Thunder battered from aboue,
Yet (as ou'r-thrown) them hopelesse to ou'r-throw,
With scorned Squadrons did disdain'd remoue,
Those which at Powers of armed Emperours spurn'd,
Are at an instant then charg'd, sack'd, and burn'd.

105

Braue Citizens which haue resisted long,
Till their dismantled Town all naked stands,
And are by Weaknesse left vnto the Strong,
All taken, kill'd, or sold like Beasts in Bands,
As bound of Right to suffer all the Wrong,
Of railing Tongues or of outrageous Hands,
They of this last assault no Type can see,
Euen Worse then was, or can imagin'd be.

106

Ah! if one House when onely fyr'd by chance,
Doth straight confound a Citie all with feare,
What high Conceit with curious Thoughts can scanee
How those Inhabitants themselves shall beare,
Whose Townes (like Lightning) vanish with a glance,
And all to Ashes in a moment weare?

This with amazement may benumme the Minde,
But seeme no lesse, a greater being diuinde,

107 Base

The third Houre.

107

Base Miser thou who by all meanes hast vs'd,
To bruise the Poore and on their Spoyles to feed,
In Measure, Weight, and qualitie abus'd,
Whilst of all Euills Dearth is the least they dread,
That Wealth by thee euen to thy selfe refus'd,
Which might of thousands haue relieu'd the need,
Shall all in Flammes vpbraide thee with Hells Fyre,
Whose vse then at thy hands GOD will requyre.

108

Thou who to Richeffe wast preferr'd from nought,
Though once being poore, contemn'd, of base degree,
For whom at length all Realmes by Shippes were sought,
So that no Wind could blow but seruing thee,
Yet would not comfort those who staru'd in ought,
Nor mindfull what thou wast, nor what to be,
As naked borne, thou naked shall returne,
Else kept to see thy Wealth, thy selfe next burne.

109

Those statelie Statues which Great Townes do grace,
And Monuments whose rarenesse Mindes amaze,
The Worlds seuen Wonders wondred at a space,
Whilst Strangers long did on their Reliques gaze,
If that ere then Tyme do them not deface,
A litle Flash shall euen their Ruines raze,
Which onely serue to witnesse to each Sight,
Their idle Builders, Vanitie and Might.

110

Those Palaces amongst rare things enroll,
Which Architectours Nombrous Art bewray,
On enterlaced Roofes emboss'd with Gold,
On marbred VValls which costlie VVorkes array,
Though rich without, yet worthie but to hold
A richer Richeffe which within doth stay,
Past Emulation Admirations Marke,
All their great Pompe doth perish with a Sparke.

111 Those

The third Houre.

111

Those second EDENS, Gardens of delight,
Where Times bright Patron justlie parts the Houres,
Where men to gaze all objects do inuite,
In al-ways lying walkes, and growing Bowres,
In smelling Beds with Pleasure raiish'd quite,
Whilst wandering in a Laberinth of Flowres,
Where Art with *Nature* still for Praise contends,
A stryfe though oft-tymes iudg'd, which neuer ends.

112

Where *Floraes* Treasures with *Pomonaes* stryues,
Low shyning groues with shadow'd lights aboue,
Whilst Art by engines rais'd the Water dryues
Borne through the Aire an vncouth Way to proue,
And by all sounds which Creatures can contriue,
To melt in Mirth Melancholie wold moue,
Those pleasant parts shall straight abhorr'd remaine,
As where Salt sow'n or Showres of Brimstone raine.

113

Those walking Wormes vvhich vvith Wormes Spoyles array'd,
Would purchase Homage from each credulous Eye,
And yet as (Asses) vvorth an Ass not vveigh'd,
VWhilst hauing nought of vvorth but vvhat they buy,
They shall see that vvvhich see their Fancies svay'd,
The *Tirian* Purple, and *Affyrian* Dye,
Of Pryde the Badges, and the Baites of Lust,
Though kept vvith Toyle from Dust, all turn'd to Dust.

114

Those glorious Rovvmes of Darkenessse robbing Night.
VWhere euen the VValles rich Garments do inuest,
VWhere Yuorie Beds vvith Gold all glancing bright,
Are made for Shovv, as others are for Rest,
And objects need to entertaine the Sight,
VWhich lodge (since great) a seldome sleeping Guest,
Novv at this last alarme to them vvho liue,
They then a Cottage no more Comfort giue.

Those

The third Hoare.

115

Those precious Stones which most in Worth exceed,
For Vertuewhyles, for Vanitie oft sought,
Pearles, Rubies, Diamonds, from Rocke, from Shell,
From Depthes of Floods, from Mountaines Entrails brought,
Made Gods with Men whose Heauen is hatching Hell,
Pryf'd by Opinion, but by Substance bought,
The sweet Perfumes, and all which is esteem'd,
Wast (by the Owners Wish) not once redeem'd.

116

That dreadfull Storme as striuing to begin,
Mount *AEtnaes* Flames, which roare whil as suppress,
And that which swallowing *Natures* Student in
Did him digest who could it not digest,
And all those Hills whence Streames of Sulphur rin,
Shall with their Fires then fortifie the Rest,
Whose generall Flood whilst it the World ou'rcomes,
None knowes where kindled first, nor whence it comes.

117

The lucrous Coale (though blacke) a precious Stone,
Whose Force as *Vulcan* will, makes *Mars* to bend,
Of *Albions* Jewels second vnto none,
To Art and *Nature* both a speciall Friend,
Then when of it the needfull Vse is gone,
What it maintain'd it likewise helps to end,
And thus the Earth (though cold) with Fire being stor'd,
To burne it selfe Materialls doth afford.

118

Thole bathing Springs which free Physitians proue,
Yet for all Euills One only Cure can show,
The which may seeme whilst boyling vp aboue,
A Part of *Phlegeton* ou'rflow'd below,
But for Mans Health Nought can from thence remoue,
Where he doth dwell who could the World ou'rthrow,
Whom then to warne their Course to Hell repaires,
Or else a greater Heate doth drinke vp theirs.

M

119 Great

The third Houre.

119

Great Monarches whom Ambitious Hopes do driue,
To raise their owne by razing Others Thrones,
Who spare no Wayes that there they may arriue,
Through Orphans Teares, Man's Blood, & Womens Grones,
And all those earthly Minds which for Earth strue,
By passing Bounds, and altering settled Stones,
All such that Day not Lords of their owne Graue,
They then no Earth, nor them no Earth shall haue.

120

The Earth as glorying in her changed State,
With Face all bright with Flames seemes Lightning smiles,
Waileth free from Wounds, and Toyles, indur'd of late,
All burn'd with Heat, with Cold all frozen whyles,
Though forc'd she must conceaue (a fertill Mate)
Her Husbands Hopes she oftentimes beguiles,
And as she would reuenge all Troubles past,
She yeeldes vp Man whom she had hid at last.

121

That Element which only needing Aide,
May be made more, and doth on others feede,
Whose piercing Powers can in no Bounds be staide,
Such Bodies small that thickned Rarenesse breede,
The only Essence which can not be weigh'd,
And voyde of Weight, doth alwayes vpward speede,
That soone may seaze on all when once set free,
Which infinitely multiplied may be.

122

But lest my Furie be too far declin'd,
That with the Flames to flie haue stru'd in vaine,
I must a while within my selfe confind
Fresh Succoures seeke to charge of new againe,
So great Amazement hath ou'rwhelm'd my Mind,
That now I in an Agonie remaine,
But he who did in fire Tongues descend,
As through the Fire will leade me to the End.

DOOMES-DAY,
^{OR,}
THE GREAT DAY OF THE
LORDS IVDGEMENT.

The fourth Houre.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Hideous Trumpet horribly doth sound,
Who sleepe in Graues a mightie Voyce doth wake,
By Angels (Messengers) charg'd from each ground,
All Flesh comes forth that euer Soule did take:

Seas giue Accompt of all whome they haue drown'd,
The Earth her Guests long hid in Haste giues backe,
Those who then liue are at an Instant chang'd,
So from Life neuer, still from Death estrang'd.

I

SO greata Power my sacred Guide imparts,
That still my Muse doth raise her ventrous flight,
Though with Confusion compast on all Parts,
My troubled Thoughts dare on no Object light,
The World by Flames (a Charmer) justly smarts,
Whose Ashes now seeme to vpbraide my Sight,
Though Feares would quensh those Fires my Brest which
Yet I must sing, that Thousands else may mourne. (burne

2

To plague proud Man who look't so late aloft,
The Earth still pure till made by him vnclean,
By whome whyles fierce for Blood, by Lust whyles soft,
She[forc'd to beare] in both'abus'd had beene,
Straight as a Strumpet Prostituted oft,
Now by her Louers naked shall be scene,
An odious Masse [euen in her Owners Eyes]
As bruis'd by Thunder whilst she wither'd lyes.

M 2

3 Now

The fourth Houre.

3

Now of all States the fatall Period comes,
To stay who stumble on this slipperie Ball,
Fierce *Vulcans* Furie *Neptune* so ou'rcomes,
That not one Drop remaines to weepe his Fall,
Loe all the World one Continent becomes,
Whereas saue Man no Creature liues at all,
The Sea to Earth, the Earth all turnes to Fire.
A monstrous *Comet* threatening comming Ire.

4

O what a Vault I see of Angels Wings!
Whose greater Brightnesse makes the Fires decline,
A glorious Guard fit for the KING of Kings,
Whilst they like Rayes about that Sunne do shine,
But O his presence (past expressing) brings
A reall Glory all in All diuine,
All as from Darknesse looke vpon this Light,
Whilst Flammes (as mists) do vanish at his Sight.

5

Those blessed Bands in state of Grace which stood,
As Ministers admitted vnto GOD,
Which whyles told Mortalls Tydings which were good,
And whyles did stryke with Indignations Rod,
They who till com'd this tyme not vnderstood,
With CHRIST arise all ready at his Nod,
And free from Enuie which did marre their Mates,
Do seeke with Ioy the Partners of their States.

6

The Dregges of *Adams* Race shall soone disclose
What GODS Decree inuolu'd in Cloudes doth keepe,
That Time, that Time, which must confound all those,
Whose Thoughts are plung'd in Pleasures groundlesse Deepe.
Euen then perchance that Nature may repose,
When all the Senses buried are in sleepe,
Ah how those Eyes vnclos'd amaz'd remaine,
Which from that Time should neuer close againe,

The fourth Houre.

7

O ten times curst whom CHRIST that tyme shall finde,
Still hatching Euill, defrauding Natures due,
Whilst Darknesse mocks the Eyes (though open) blind,
And makes the Mind what it affects to view,
Which wing'd with thoughts farre swifter then the Wind,
Though still confin'd doth all ouer All pursue,
What doubtfull proiects flote within his Brest,
Who dreames yet sleepest not, lyes but doth not rest?

8

When that crown'd Bird which *Peters* Braggies did scorne,
(As still a Friend to Light) seemes to cite light,
Some more conceiue then euer could be borne,
Whilst big with Monsters of imagin'd might,
And Airie Names with Shadowes to adorne,
Do build high Hopes which fall ere at the hight,
Such Bosomes Serpents nurse whose stings they try,
Pryde, Emulation, lealoufie, Envy.

9

As prick'd with Thornes some in their Beds do roule,
Whilst charg'd with thoughts which but their Cares abuse,
And make that Mettall Idole of their Soule,
Which in a Calfe the Iewes great Iudge did bruise,
Their greedy Course whilst nothing can controule,
Though hauing more then they themselues can vse,
Like them who drinke more then they can digest,
Who keepe the Appetite but not the Taste.

10

The Deuill in darknesse being most powerfull still,
Some when retir'd imagin mischief strange,
And to shed blood do dedicat their Will,
Whilst tortur'd with a Furie of reuenge,
More guilty he who in his Heart doth kill,
Although his Course being disappointed change,
Then he who doth by Chance ones Death procure,
No Member guilty is, the Mind being pure,

M 3

11 Though

The fourth Houre.

11

Though Beds should be as priuat Graues for rest,
While as of Death the Image buries dust,
Yet some run-mad as raging in a Pest,
Voluptuouslie their Fancies surfet must,
A filthie Furie poysoning the Brest,
With strange Delights of a prodigious Lust,
The which whilst waking so corrupts their Will,
That when they sleep it doth delude them still.

12

Not onclie shall this suddain Charge surpryse,
Such in such Sinnes which do from GOD rebell,
But euen all those who euills by Night deuise,
And louing Darknesse shall in Darknesse dwell,
Who with a Conscience calme all Feares despise,
As (when that *Cerberus* slept) they might take Hell,
Such to an Owle make GOD inferiour be,
As if by Night, Nights Maker nought could see.

13

Wing'd Messengers may then euen some arrest,
Who rioting till quite exhausted all,
[Whilst in their Vomits wallowing they rest]
From Men to Beasts, from Beasts to nought do fall,
Those dead (though liuing) who can but detest,
As *Natures* Monsters Mankind to appall?
In them who haue their Reason drown'd in Wine,
No Sparke of Gods, nor *Natures* Light doth shine.

14

Some rating Pleasure at too high a pryce,
Who with the Light do lay all Shame asyde,
Do prostitute their Soules to euery Vyce,
If not then free (by beastlinesse) from Pryde,
Then their whole States oft venter on the Dyce,
As who in nought but *Fortune* do confide,
By manie odious Oath then mock Gods Might,
True workes of Darknesse worthie of the Night.

The fourth Houre.

15

Fond Worldlings there inuolu'd in vaine Delight,
Who to the Senses fraile indulgent are,
And as soft Sounds the Courage do inuite,
With measur'd Madnesse march vpon the Aire,
Whilst from themselues by Pleasure rauish'd quite
What it prouokes no kind of sport they spare,
Their Eares attending Musickes soule to haue,
Of this dread Blast the first assault receaue.

16

By Stratagems a Captain boldly wise,
His Enemies Campe (not look't for) whyles confounds,
But when he first doth Sentinells surpryse,
That all about the Neighbouring Bounds rebounds,
In Brests vnarm'd what Terrorour strange doth ryse,
Whilst Drummes yeeld deadly, Trumpets liuely Sounds,
Whilst Showtes make deafe, Amazement dumb, Dust blind,
Ere Swords the Bodie, feare doth kill the Mind.

17

So shall it be with all those broken Bands,
(As for the Godlie they watch still prepar'd)
Then when Lifes LORD doth come to iudge all Lands,
Like Fishes angled, or like Beasts ensnar'd,
Those whom Hells Badge for endlesse Darkenesse brands,
Not hauing Power to wish, are straight despar'd,
And soone do see what now they not attend,
Ere thought by them begunne, all at an end.

18

What hideous Charge all to compeare compells,
Whose sound may show what Breath the Blast doth feed?
No Canons, Thunders, Tempests, Trumpets, Bells,
Nor yet all joyn'd so huge a Noyse could breed,
Since heard in Heauen, on Earth, and in the Hells,
Till dreadful Silence doth ouer all succede,
The harkning World seemes all become one Eare,
The Graue giues place, the Dead His Voyce do heare,

The fourth Houre.

19

All you who on, or in the dust do lodge,
A Great-great Court I cite you to attend,
Euen at CHRISTS Instance where himselfe is Iudge,
To heare that sentence which none can suspend,
Of boundlesse Ioyes, or else of Anguish huge,
Which he design'd, and you deseru'd in end,
What from his seruants mouth none would conceaue,
Heare from himselfe, euen what doth damne, or saue.

20

Passé, passé, swift Angells ouer all quarters range,
Force all to ryse who euer down did ly,
What in their Essence Elements did change,
Bid them restore, that CHRIST all flesh may spy,
You are the gatherers, this that Vintage strange,
Which in all Soules what Stuffe hath bene must try:
Twixt Heauen and Hell this is a Iudgement great,
To Iudge each one their own Contentions date.

21

The Word them giues by which they thus are sought,
Power to obey, else were the charge but vaine,
That Word which first did make them all of nought,
May now of some thing make them soone againe,
Past numbring Numbers are together brought,
That some may thinke what Bounds can them containe,
Who makes the Dead to rise at his Decree,
May make a Roome where they may marshald be.

22

The Heauenly Soules which with fraile Bodies bound,
Did act together on this earthlie Stage,
Though subtil-they oft diuerse Depths did sound,
In which grosse Organs could not then engadge,
Yet in all Actions equall Partners found,
By Reason led, or head-long borne by Rage,
Though once diuorc'd, they marrie must againe,
To ioyne in Ioy, or in eternall Paine.

23 Those

The fourth Houre

23

Those heauenly Sparkes which are flown vp aboue,
To shine in Glory, and in Zeale to burne,
And shall of Pleasure the Perfection proue,
With mortall Vailes which mask'd of late did mourne,
They from their Place a Moment must remoue,
With CHRIST in Triumph glorious to returne,
Their twise-borne Bodies when put on they haue,
First from the Bellie, last now from the Graue.

24

Those gather vp their Garments from the Dust,
Which prison'd are in *Plutoes* vgly Celles,
Though loth to part thence, where returne they must,
Since by their Conscience being committed else,
They know their Iudge as terrible, as just,
Will but confirme their holding of the Helles,
Yet all their Proesse must deduced be,
That Saints Gods Iustice, and their Faultes may see.

25

Foure Elements with foure Complexions make,
This mortall Masse soone rais'd, and soone ouerthrowne,
And when that it turnes to Corruption backe,
With what accrest each doth craue backe the owne,
The Waters all the liquid Substance take,
Aire Breath, Fire actiue Heat, Earth Earth well knowne,
Which all though thus in their first Fountaines drown'd,
Not take nor leaue, but are the same still found,

26

The LORD doth not (which some would fondly doubt)
As once in EDEN a Creation vse,
As if the first consum'd were all worne out,
That he not knowes their Substance where to chuse,
No, these same Bodies which we beare about,
The LORD will raise, and cleare, or else accuse,
When done by GOD then Wonders are not strange,
The Qualitie, and nothing else doth change.

N

27 Of

The fourth Houre.

27

Of our fraile Spoyles each Part where made a Prey,
Who ouer our Dust doth watch will straight require,
That which the Waters washed haue away,
What was in Flames exhausted by the Fire,
That which (Winds scorne) toss'd through the Air did stray,
And what to Earth all rotten did retire,
All at an Instant shall together rinne,
To recontinue not againe beginne.

28

The Husbands Hopes which *Ceres* first renown'd,
Must buried rot, made lesse, to be made more,
Yet wrestle vp (though in the Earth still bound)
In Forme more pleasant, multiplied in Store:
So shall our Dust though swallow'd in the Ground,
Spring from Corruption brighter then before,
In Bodies new, whose State none can surmise,
Laid mortall downe, but must immortall rise.

29

Those creeping Creatures which with Silkes conceaue,
Bred first of Seede their Food with Toyles acquite,
Then what they win must all to others leaue,
And lye stretcht out wrapt vp in Funerall white,
Yet straight reuiu'd, where buried burst the Graue,
And mount aloft with Wings all altered quite,
In Wormes [Mens Types] those who do marke this Change,
How can they thinke the Resurrection strange?

30

As Man like Milke was at the first pour'd out;
Then straight like Cheese turn'd all to Cruds at once,
Till clad with Skinne his Sexe being free from Doubt,
With Sinewes joyn'd, and fortified with Bones,
When as the Moone hath chang'd thrise thrise about:
He bursted forth, neglecting Mothers Grönes,
Though from him first as poore, fond, weake, Teares flow;
Doth straight of God a talking Image grow:

The fourth Houre

31

So sowne by Death where rests fraile Mortalls Seede,
The Earth conceau'd shall to grow Big begin,
And though at first a mouing Masse doth breede,
Shall stay from Trauell till the Time forth rin,
Whilst vitall Moisture Ashes dry doth feede,
That marrow Bones, Bones Flesh, Flesh takes on Skin,
Till all at last being to Perfection worne,
Graues are deliuered, Mankind is new borne.

32

The spirituall Powers shall soone haue repossess'd
Their ancient Rowmes recognis'd by Grace,
Which were [they thence by Natures Rigour press'd]
To Death by Sinne morgag'd but for a Space,
But now redeem'd who had bene thus distress'd,
All Members moue, Power pour'd in euery Place,
What could corrupt all worne vnto an Ende,
They spirituall Bodies, bodied Spirits ascend.

33

Then shall not Weaknesse passing each Degree,
A Progresse haue Perfection to attaine,
But from Infirmitie made freely free,
They Shape, Proportion, Strength and Knowledge gaine,
All Qualities at once accomplish'd be,
That to augment there nothing doth remaine,
The first and second Birth do differ farre,
First Men were made, now rais'd, then grew, now are,

34

Some Gentiles fond who from the Trueth did stray,
When by Apostles told did scorne this once,
Yet trusted Grounds which vaine Inuentions lay,
By fabulous Doctrine Learn'd, and Fooles at once,
That by *Prometheus* Men were made of Clay,
And by *Deucalion* quickned out of Stones,
Thus had their Soules to see the Trueth no Eyes,
Who loth the Light GOD giues them ouer to Lyes.

N 2

35 Great

The fourth Houre.

35

Great Armies oft as if one Bodie moue,
Whose Soules it seemes the Trumpets Sound doth swey,
So when this Charge is thundered from aboue,
One Moment makes who were, or are, obey,
O strange Alarme! what must this meeting proue?
Where Ruine only hath prepar'd the Way?
All knowne when mustred (though not numbred) thaire
A dreadfull Censor no Mans Spot will spare.

36

Those which the Depthes disgested did containe,
As bent to drinke those who them oft did drinke,
To Heauen exhald, though still'd through Fruites by Raine,
That daintie Tasts more delicate them thinke,
Their Tronkes drawn downe when once throwne vp againe,
Though dead, and buried moue, not swim, nor sinke,
A Death which Drunkards do deserue to haue,
To lie with Liquor in a liquid Graue.

37

With Kisses cold of *Thetis* choak'd of late,
Who her three Mates faln in her Bosome leaue,
Some Windes, and Waues, against each Rocke do beate,
Till them for Food the scallie Troupes receaue,
That Fishes Men, Men may those Fishes eate,
Chang'd Qualitie, and Forme, whose Flesh may haue,
Mans Substance it may transubstantiat oft,
But shall the same that first, mount last aloft.

38

Muse doe not strue aboue thy Strength to mount,
As Mortalls Braines those Hosts could comprehend,
Which not Seas Sands, nor yet Heauens Starres can count,
Then whilst swarm'd forth they Heauens high Court attend,
All Faculties of Memorie surmount,
Being rais'd from Dust, more thicke then Dust, in End,
But yet a Part most known by Fame design'd,
May leaue a more Impression in the Mind.

The fourth Houre.

39

The first great Troup inunding from the Deepes,
Which long haue wandred with the watrie Brood,
Which glutted *Neptune* in his Caues did keepe,
When all his Guests were surfaited of Food,
Are those amidst the roaring Waues who sleepe,
Since first they fell drown'd by the generall Flood
Those who of God the Threatnings still did scorne
Till Death at once one Fleece ouer all had shorne.

40

What strange Deluge from that Deluge doth flow,
Of Monstrons People terrible to see?
Whose Stature shoues what time it had to grow,
The Dwarfes with them, with vs would Giants be,
Ere bended was the many-colour'd Bow,
All that had falne rise from corruption free,
Where raging Depths had Iustlie lodgd their Dust,
Still drown'd when dead who burn'd alieue with Lust.

41

Thence comes the Tyrant who did sway the State,
Where fertile Nilus mollifies the Mind,
Whom [to confirme his owne with Wonders great]
God did obdure, and made by brightnesse blind,
With guiled Slaues which flattering his conceat,
The LORD to him would needs inferiour find,
Those all like him by his example made,
As oft to sinne he shall to Iudgement lead.

42

Mad Man to whom by wondrous Blowes abroad,
The Arme of God had iustlie Terrour brought,
Foole who had seene the prooffe of *Arons* Rod,
What danger was thou might in time haue thought,
Whilst vaine Magicians emulating God,
The same in show but not in substance wrought,
Vaine Sophists to be mock'd, but mocke the Eyes,
Trueth, naked trueth, Lies are though painted Lies.

N 3

43VVh28

The fourth Houre.

43

What made thee doubt that he whom thou did spie,
Turne Streames to Blood, might mixe them with thy Blood?
That he who made thy Lands first borne to die,
Would saue the liues of [his friend] *Abrams* Brood,
Where his might march he who the Depths did drie,
That he would make them drowne who him withstood?
But those whom God will lose he makes them blind,
Those headlong runne who are for wrack design'd.

44

Those who with haste the Hebrue Hoste pursu'd,
Whose glancing Armes each Eye, shouts fill'd each Eare,
Who lack'd no stately show, which might when view'd,
In them breed Courage, and in others feare,
[The Troupes by them contemn'd ere seene subdu'd]
Who did themselves as if in Triumph beare,
And spuing Blasphemie from Prides low hight,
Euen challenge durst the LORD of Hostes to fight.

45

Lo, from the Mudde they now creep poorelie out,
As from a Prison which vpbraids their Blame,
And spoyld of all which compasse them about,
Ryse naked vp, yet kept by feare from shame,
They heare Heauens Trumpet horrible to shout,
Which straight they thinke their Sentence will proclaime,
And euen great *Pharo* vyle amidst his owne,
Can by no signe more then the rest be known.

46

What Fooles then ryse who neuer could be pleas'd,
Though settled Owners of a fertile Ground?
Where vnder them euen Thousands were well eas'd,
And then their Masters more contentment found,
Whose traitrous Hopes still on new conquests seas'd,
Till death did show how litle might them bound,
That as all Lands could but strict limits giue,
Last for the Seas [vaste like their Mynds] did strue,

The fourth Houre.

47

Ah for Mans madnesse who enough can mourne,
From whom still pure that there might rest no place,
Who makes his rage euen in the Depths to burne,
And standing runnes in walking woods his race,
Makes *Neptunes* Azure all to purple turne,
And filles with blood the wrinkles of his Face?
What thirst of Mischiefe thus torments Man still,
That it no Sea can quensh nor Land can fill?

48

The *Grecian* Seas shall giue those Bodies back,
When *floting Athens* camp'd in Wooden Walls,
Which Mountaines, Plaines, and Floods dry Fields wold make,
Scourg'd all the Windes, rank'd Nature with their thralles,
Which all conspyrd seeme to procure their wrack,
Both Sea and Land being famous by their falles,
As if that King who could not count his Host,
Had fought all meanes by which they might be lost.

49

All *Salaminaes* Straits disgorge againe,
Those whom they swallow'd and digested had,
But broken Squadrons are restor'd in vaine,
Since with no Armes, no, with no Garment clad,
Whilst both the parts then joyn'd in one remaine,
Great is the Number, but the Cause is bad,
Who striu'd for State, both as most abiect bow,
Greekes and *Barbarians* no way differ now.

50

By this last Blast those do assemble all
At diuerse tymes who in the Depths fell dead,
By him almost preuenting *Persias* fall,
Who the Greeke Empire had abortiue made,
Who charg'd with Chaines lay for his Father thrall,
An Act more great then all his Hostes to lead:
From *Vertues* hight this generous course did come,
A Man most vitious Armies might ouercome,

The fourth Houre.

51

The last great Act which *Athens* did intend,
It Thousands did defraud their funerall Right,
Which did presage their Greatnesse neere an end,
Whose State then chang'd as hauing past the hight,
Those to pursue that then did Armies send,
From that tyme forth, did for their confines fight,
A mightie Town whose growing nought could stay,
When com'd to faile, doth wither soone away.

52

Their greatest Captain fondly being remou'd,
The other cold, procur'd what he diuinde,
Who happie first, last most vnhappie prou'd,
Vaine superstition vilified his Minde,
But *Siracusa* yet to stand behou'd,
Whose ruine was for greater foes design'd,
And those by Sea to winne more Land who striu'd,
Drownd in the Sea were of all Land depriu'd.

53

Faire *Sicile* long still by great States being fought,
As fertile Fields, weake owners did entyse,
The fatall Lists where *Rome* and *Carthage* fought,
When all the World was made the Victors pryse,
Thy bounds (oft bath'd with Blood) was dearly bought,
Which Strangers still, else Tyrants did surpryse,
Thy Sea the Stage where Death oft act'd with Wounds,
Must muster manie when the Trumpet sounds.

54

Earst *Athens*, *Pirrhus*, *Carthage*, *Rome*, in Ire,
(Their hungrie Hopes whilst *Ceres* fill'd with Dreames)
To daunt that People proudlie did aspire,
Not fearing *Scilla* nor *Charibdis* Streames,
Nor thundring *Aetna* vomiting forth Fire,
Nor *Vulcans* Forge, nor monstrous Giants Names,
No, *Plutoes* selfe who wedded in those Fields,
His conquer'd Hells to greedy men he yeelds,

The fourth Houre.

55

Those whose great Valour did so honour Wrong,
That each eternall Pen, it yet renownes,
Who Riuals liu'd in loue of Glorie long,
And though but Cities did dispose of Crownes,
Those two by Sea did striue who was most strong,
As all the Earth could not containe two Townes,
Each State the World lesse then it selfe contriues,
A just Proportion Ruine only giues.

56

That hautie Race which Kings in Triumph led,
(All not being pleas'd with parting of the Spoyles)
That Fishes might as well as Beasts be fed,
(The Land else glutted by their guiltie Broyles)
They on the Sea a Sea of Blood did shed,
Which (wash'd by Waues away) might foyle their Soyles,
That them to plague no Furie Place could find,
All Objects raz'd which might vpbraide the Mind,

57

A spacious Field the Waters did afford,
Where floting Armies might their Forces trie,
When free Men fighting who should be their Lord,
With too much Valour did their Bondage buy,
Whilst *AEolus* did rage, and *Neptune* ror'd,
More cruell Creatures then Themselves to spie:
Men of all else which this large Circuit fill,
Most subtile are, and violent in Ill.

58

From liquid Fields where Carcasses are rife,
Now with his Troupe *Volteius* Passage finds,
Who were more bold, then fortunat in Strife,
And dying did triumph ouer Foes, Waues, Winds,
Of Fame too greedy, prodigall of Life,
As those whose Soules were Strangers to their Minds,
Who lose their owne, to gaine from others Breath,
Life by Opinion seeke, for certaine Death,

O

59 When

The fourth Houre.

59

When Father, Sonne, and Brother bound in Law,
Did pledge their Liues who only should be free,
Pale *Neptune* once at *Actium* wondring saw
His Chryſtall Walks all as congeal'd in Tree,
Which from their Kingdomes diuerſe Kings did draw,
To know whoſe Slaues they were ordain'd to be,
As both [till clear'd] from what they crau'd would ſtand,
Two on the Sea did fight for all the Land.

60

To loſe their Owne or others Shippes to winne,
When loſtie Legions did a Purpoſe take,
Of Winds, Waues, Armes, Oares, Sounds, Showts, blowes, the
Gaue bold men Courage, made the Cowards quake, [din
Whilſt ſtoring Forreſts did together rin,
Which *Neptune*, *Mars*, and *AEolus* made ſhake,
The Bellies (big with Men) abortiue burſt,
By thundring Engines violated firſt.

61

When this Encounter had made many ſmart,
A ſtately meeting, terrible to thinke,
Shippes without Kindneſſe kiſſ'd, yet loth to part,
Stood ſtrugling long which ſhould the other ſinke,
Till ſome oft pierc'd, and paſt all Hope of Art,
For Poyſon laſt [as deſprat] Floods did drinke,
And that none might their conquer'd Enſignes clame,
Slipt vnder Seas as if to hide their Shame.

62

But hautie *Romans* ſtorm'd to be withſtood,
And vs'd to conquere, maruail'd to be match'd,
From Floods in vaine ſome drinking backe their Blood
Halfe kill'd, halfe drown'd, Death by two Darts diſpatch'd,
There where they fought whilſt Bodies pau'd the Flood,
Till emptie firſt no wooden Caue was catch'd:

O how that Life ſeemes foule which blots Fames Bookes;
In Glories Glaſſe whilſt generous Courage lookes.

63 Whilſt

The fourth Houre.

63

Whilst *Mars* as yet a doubtfull Iudge did proue,
The barbarous Queene fled with *Pelustian* Slaues,
Who liu'd in her, with her did straight remoue,
Not fear'd, no, not as who in Feauers reaues,
He fled not Foes, but follow'd on his Loue,
For whom the Hope of all the World he leaues,
Who vanquish'd Armies oft, a Woman foyld,
Who all of All, him of himselfe she spoyld.

64

The Seas surrender at that dreadfull Blast,
Troupes of all Lands which in their Depthes did fall,
Which Foes fell down, rise as in League at last,
The Cause being common which doth joyne them all,
Not onely Ancients famous in Times past,
But *Turkes*, and Christians thence, a voyce doth call,
Whom euen when raging, raging Floods suppress,
That Waues might toss them still who would not rest.

65

What Turband Band abandons *Thetis* Bowres,
By their Misfortune fortunat to Fame,
Who by a ROYALL PENNES Eternall Powers
Rest backe from Death, Breath whilst Men Breath doth clame?
How those still *Turkes* were baptiz'd in few Houres,
Where Azure Fields fom'd forth a hoarie Streame,
This my GREAT PHOEBVS tun'd to Trumpets Sounds,
Whose stately Accents each strange Tongue rebounds.

66

Not onely thus by barbarous Bands ourthrowne,
Some whome CHRIST bought a floting Tombe confines,
But by themselues (like *Pagans* spoyld) though knowne,
In liquid Plaines a Number Breath resignes,
Whilst those who toyle to make the World their owne,
Doe with Deuotion paint most damn'd Designs,
That they when all things else haue faild for Baites,
May Superstition vse to angle States,

O 2

67 When

The fourth Houre.

67

When hautie *Philip* with this Ile in Loue,
Whose Rage to faine no Reason could appease,
As oft by Fraud, it last by Force would proue,
To barren *Spaine* whose fertile Fields did please,
He send huge Hulks which did like Mountaines moue;
As Townes for Trafficke, Palaces for Ease,
And of all Sorts did furnish forth a Band,
As if to People, not to winne a Land.

68

To braue the Heauens whilst Giants would assay,
The LORD their Power would wonderfully bound,
One litle Barke their Nauie did dismay,
The mightie Man a VVoman did confound,
All Elements did arme their Course to stay,
That VVicked Men might not pollute our Ground,
For Pride disdain'd, for Crueltie abhorr'd,
Spaine beg'd (a Slaue) where looking to be Lord,

69

O happie those for whom the Heauens will fight,
Of Angels Armies campe about them still,
VVhilst Haile and Thunder from Heauens Store-house light,
Rush armed VVinters forth, sterne Tempests kill,
The stormie VVinds conjur'd in Time charge right,
As traint in VVarre to spend their Power with Skill:
Still to the Author Mischiefe doth returne,
And in the Fires they make the VVicked burne.

70

The tumid State a Number doth afford,
VVho only there could quensh ambitions Fire,
And Auarice with many hath it stor'd,
VVho only there could bound their waste Desire,
Though of the VVealth of diuerse Lands made Lord,
VVho by no Meanes Contentment could acquire
Till (like themselues) still taking, fill'd with Nought,
The Sea and Hell them to Aboundance brought.

71 VVhat

The fourth Houre.

71

What fearfull thoughts their quaking Stomacks fling,
When with each Waue a Wound Death seemes to giue?
Which rais'd vp high as battering engines hing,
That so to charge do for a vantage striue,
Saue Lightnings whyles some suddaine glances bring,
Clouds masking Heauen ouer all do darknesse driue,
That whilst they nothing see, and too much heare,
False on the Depths Hells Shaddow doth appeare.

72

Some scap'd such Stormes whilst they secure remaine,
Surprys'd by Pirats suddainly despaire,
Whose cruell Couetice to render vaine,
They yeeld (as faint) till Foes toward them repaire,
Then Powder kindled by a lingring traine,
They all at once are thundred through the Aire,
In Water burn'd, weake thralls kill Victors strong,
And suffering act, reuenge preuenting wrong.

73

Thus by the Sea a number is bewray'd,
Whose dying Eyes, a friend did neuer close,
Not in their Fathers, no, in no tombe layde,
Which had when dead no part where to repose,
But are by Waues to euery Rocke betray'd,
Till this last Day do of all Flesh dispose,
Which as would seeme most readie those may find,
Whom Earth not burdens, Wynding-sheets not bind.

74

The Face of Earth like those a number yeelds,
Who for last lodgings could not get a Graue,
Yet where they fell, as hauing wonne the Fields,
Them dead a tyme from all who liu'd did reauce,
Thrown in the Dust, drawne from their bloodie Shields,
Whilst naked there, they what they clad did saue,
Till Beasts with some did runne, with some Fowles flie,
As Bodies first, Bones bare at last did lie,

The fourth Houre.

75

The Bloud of some did staine that golden age,
To stryke with Iron ere malice did inuent,
On Ruines Altar offering vp to rage,
Wrath wants not Weapons when for mischief bent,
Then Indignation Mortalls did asswage,
With Stones, sharpe Stings, and what by force was rent,
From gored Bellies Puddings did gush out,
And Heads with Braines were compassed about.

76

But when Man spy'd whilst venging wrong by chance,
That Life was lodg'd in such a fortresse fraile,
To Court Vaine-Glory which to fooles did glance,
Some(as for Sport)their Neighbours did assaile,
Then last their State of purpose to aduance,
Stray'd Valour would by violence preuaile,
All Armies first were by Ambition led,
Till Auarice a greater furie bred.

77

Who first from Death by Deeds redeem'd their Names,
And eminent magnanimously grew,
(Their fancies frying in ambitions Flames)
They onely Praise, not Profit did pursue,
And,as for Glory who contend in games,
Sought others to exceed, not to subdue,
Such *Scythia* one another *Egypt* gaue,
From conquer'd Lands who did but Honour craue.

78

Those Weapons first were fond which pierc'd, or brus'd,
Ere dreadfull *Cyclops* made their Hammers reele,
Of *Mars* chiefe Minions Sword and Lance were vs'd,
Ere Men did marche as Statues all of Steele,
What furie in proud Mindes this rage insus'd,
That they would suffer to make others feele,
And strue to further, ere to hinder ill,
Then saue themselves, more bent their Mates to kill.

79 What

The fourth Houre.

79

What Mountaines were of murthred Bodies made,
Which till falne dust, the dust did not receaue,
Of *Asshur, Persia, Grecks*, and *Romanes* dead,
Who whilst that they more Earth, then Earth would haue,
Whilst of the World each struiuing to be Head,
Those Members main'd which it to rule did craue?

Then though all Lands one onely did adore,
As pent in too strict bounds whilst one fought more.

80

Of Bones vnburied what huge Heapes were rear'd,
By *Teutons, Cimbers, Gaules*, great by doing harmes,
By *Vandalls, Allans, Hunnes*, and *Gothes* long fear'd,
Danes, Longobards, and *Sarazens* in swarmes?
For which long tyme those Fields could not be ear'd,
Where they to death had offred vp their Armes,
Whilst where to liue, to winne more Lands being set,
Where they might die, they onely Land could get?

81

Then *Nature* strong as in her perfite Age,
As Bees their Swarmes Lands Colonies sent forth,
Which forc'd by wants, else mou'd by generous Rage,
In Tempests huge inunded from the North,
Else that high Hopes dream'd Richeffe might aswage,
They fought the South as held of greatest worth,
To what it pleas'd whilst Power a right did clame,
Oft with their Dwellers Countries chang'd the Name,

82

That Heathnish Hoste by *Juda* so abhorri'd,
Whose Captaines railings Vengeance to contriue,
A godly King did spread before the Lord,
Whose Wrong his Soule did most of peace depriue,
Till that an Angell with iust Wrath being stor'd,
Did kill of thousands thryse threescore and foue,
Those who blaspheming God by him were slaine,
Must ryse with feare to looke on God againe,

Thence

The fourth Houre.

83

Thence thousands ryse with Strangers, or their own,
Where still to Broyles the *Grecians* were inclind,
Where all the VWorld at *Fortunes* Dyce was thrown,
Twixt Syr and Sonne in Law not loue combind,
By *Vertues* Clients fall which Fields were known,
Of all, who onely the States good design'd,
None *Vertue* should adore, all reuerence must,
Men should delight in it, not in it trust.

84

Thence (neuer buried) many Bodie springs,
VWhere of all Lands oft Armies did contend,
Slaue by the Senat, Emperours, or Kings,
But most by Him who did to *Carthage* send,
[Rest from *Romes* Nobles] Bushels full of Rings,
And by *Barbarians* Lords of all in end,
— Thus *Italie* all Nations did obey,
And to all Nations was expos'd a prey.

85

That Field yeelds thousands, where VVrong squaring Right,
(For famous Captains twyse a fatall Stage)
Great *Pompey* did with *Mithridates* fight,
And *Tamberlane* the Terrour of that age,
On lightning *BajaZet* did thundring light,
Tam'd for a Foot-stoole in an Iron Cage:
Thus that great Monarch was made worse then thrall,
Pryde hated stands, and doth vnpytied fall.

86

All then must marche at this last Trumpets sound,
Who Fields entomb'd, damn'd Floods, and Ditches fill'd,
Whilst *Ottoman* to make his Crescent round,
Blood (as but Water) prodigallie spill'd,
His *Bassaes* dash'd, ryse groning from the Ground,
Which oft by him, or else for him were kill'd,
And as for Bondage borne (free but from Graues)
Did liue to him, and died to Sathan Slaues.

The fourth Houre.

87

By Violence Death diuerse did surprife,
Still fince the World firft peopled did remaine,
But Men in Mifchiefe fondly grown more wife,
By Bolts vnfeene fome moe of late are flaine,
Since fome new *Sulmons*, no, Deuils did deuife,
Thofe Sulphurous Engines bragging God againe,
Which Men, yea Towres, and Townes in Piccefteare,
Then Thunder now, Men more the Canon feare.

88

Thofe foone ftart vp which fell whilst as leffe ftrong,
By *Vulcan* forc'd fuccumbing *Thetis* ror'd,
And thundring forth the Horreur of her Wrong,
The Burden vrg'd ftraight in Difdaine reftor'd,
The airie Region raging all a long,
Which Death to them did fuddainly afford,
And by a Blow moft ftrange, no Scarre being found,
The Bones all broken, and the Flefh ftill found,

89

Thofe whom of Earth the Superfice as forc'd,
Did beare, not burie, fuffer, not receaue,
By men euen dead[as oft aliue] extorc'd,
To Auarice, elfe Crueltie ftill Slaue,
Thofe fhall from Duft no fooner be diuorc'd,
Then they who fought the Center for a Graue,
Whofe Bodies with their Soules did feeme to ftriue,
Which firft at Hell fhould with moft Haffe arriue.

90

The mutinous *Hebrewes* who gainft him repin'd,
Whofe Face (as glorious Rayes reflecting ftill)
Com'd from the Thunderer like cleare Lightning fhin'd,
Gods Secretarie who firft pen'd his Will,
As foone as they whofe Duft no Weight confin'd,
They rife whom Earth did burie firft, then kill,
To offer bent (Pride burning in their Brefts)
As like Himfelfe whom *Pluto* tooke for Priests.

The fourth Houre.

91

That scorn'd Diuiner is with them expos'd,
[Foolles who fore-know, not for their Fate prouide]
Who by his Wife when lurking was disclos'd,
And whom at last Earth did as strangely hide.
And that the Caue which burn'd might so be clos'd,
He as *Romes* Best who vnder Ground did ride,
There greedie to doe good, or to get Fame,
That where his Bodie died, might liue his Name.

92

Some Feauer strange when Surfets seeme to moue,
Those of the Earth who in the Entrails dwell,
Whilst it [though trembling] raging, seemes to proue,
If it may drinke the World, and spue forth Hell,
They from the Dust as quickly shall remoue,
As those by Pouder who in Pouder fell,
By Tyrants fierce being pin'd, no, freed from Paine,
VWho false on Earth, or toss'd through Air remaine.

93

Now *Orpheus* shall not neede, (as Poets faine,)
To charme the Furies with harmonious Sounds,
Nor *Hercules* by Violence, in vaine
To force the Dungeons of the shadowie Bounds,
The Guests below shall once turne backe againe,
To see what they haue lost, superiour Rounds,
The Prince of Darknesse will be pleas'd with this,
Since sure to haue them judg'd for euer his,

94

The Earth her Entrails quickly shall discharge,
That God all who had Soules at once may see,
His Prisoners at last Death must enlarge,
At that Great Iubilie all once set free,
Who were so long in passing *Charons* Barge,
Some from Obluions Flood brought backe shall be,
Ere *Cerberus* can barke, all shall be gone,
And ere they can be miss'd turn'd euerie one.

95 Those

The fourth Houre.

95

Those whom soft *Egypt* alwayes Slaue to Lust,
By Spices, Oyntments, Baumes, and Odours rare,
To scorne Corruption, and to mocke the Dust,
Did keepe (when lost) with a ridiculous Care,
And vs'd as Pledges whyles to purchase Trust,
Their Bones, worth Nought when clad, worth lesse when bare,
Their Vailes renew'd no sooner they resume,
Then whom at first Corruption did consume.

96

Those *Piramids* whose Points seem'd (threatning Heauen)
Not solitarie Tombes, but courted Thrones,
The huge *Mausoleum* one of Wonders seuen,
That *Obeliske* which grac'd *Augustus* Bones,
Late Monuments those æmulous to Euen,
Of Marber, Porphyre, Iasp, and precious Stones,
None hides his Guest from this great Iudges Sight,
Nor yet him sends more gorgeous to the Light.

97

Of Place the Distance distant Time not breeds,
Some who one Field empurple by their Fall,
Whose Entrails straight another Mansion needs,
Lest else Corruption might encroach on all,
Their Bodies Friends (as whyles for Pompe succeeds)
Not seeme (farre borne) to burie, but enstall,
But though each Part a seuerall Kingdome takes,
A suddaine Vnion now one Moment makes.

98

That Dreame-diuiuer by two Tribes call'd Syre,
Though by them lost who did his Brethren saue,
His Dust from *Goshen* quickly shall retire,
And with the Rest a second *Hymen* haue,
Where he when dead as Faith did first inspire,
Where His might liue, Possession did receaue,
Or since by Him so benefited once,
That Land ingrate to frustrat of his Bones.

The fourth Houre

99

The third Time then some liue, from Tombes rais'd twise,
(Their Resurrection represented else)
Whom Death (it seem'd) did but a while disguise,
For acting Wonders which Amazement tells,
When wak'd by Force, as who did drousie rise,
They drawn from *Leibe*, or Obliuions Cells,
Straight with the Place all Priuiledge did leaue,
Made as who dream'd, or in high Feauers reauc.

100

Till soar'd from hence where they so long haue striu'd,
Still charg'd with Flesh all Soules infirme remaine,
And with their Burdens those who were reuiu'd,
Their former Frailties did resume againe,
So that vnknowing where a whyle they liu'd,
Maim'd Memorie was bounded by the Braine,
Through earthly Organs Spectacles impure,
Soules reach but Objects such as they procure.

101

Some fondly curious would haue then enquir'd,
VVhat Lodgings last those Both-world-guests did leaue,
VVhich (if remembred) reuerenc'd, and admir'd,
They would not wrong by Words what none conceaue,
Great *Paul* (whose selfe could not tell how) retir'd,
VVhom the third Heauen (when rauish'd) did receaue,
He what he saw return'd could not relate,
Past Mortalls Senses, to Immortalls greate.

102

Such Soules when last to their first Tents turn'd backe,
Their Toyles thereby, and others Glory grew,
VVhilst to the VVorld that VVay God cleare would make,
That Faith [when firme] might Death it selfe subdue,
But then they Flesh as when first left did take,
Which now at last the LORD will all renew,
Their Resurrection when no Time confines,
Whilst rais'd, ripe Fruites, of what they first were Signes.

103 Thus

The fourth Houre.

103

Thus the great *Tisbit* strangellie did restore,
[That none might trouble haue who gaue him rest]
Her Sonne whose Viſtualls did when waſte, waxe more,
Like to the like when in like State diſtreſt,
That Prophet did who crau'd his Spirit in ſtore,
Not to be preſſ'd by ſuch a ſecond gueſt,
Whose Graue wak'd one, that there he might not ſleepe,
Where he (when dead) a quickning power did keepe.

104

The bleſt *Bethanian* highlie ſhall reioyce,
When next he calls who ſhow'd ſuch tender loue,
As euen to weep for him, as a chiefe choyce,
Till he was brought free from white bands aboue,
The firſt who in the graue did heare that Voyce,
Which from all Graues muſt make their gueſts remoue,
And greater Power when glorified may ſhow,
Then from fraile Fleſh when but breath'd forth below.

105

Thoſe ſoone ſtart vp who quickly come to Light,
As to applaud what was accompliſh'd known,
CHRISTS acting ſufferings (when moſt low) at high,
That the laſt part on this Worlds Stage was ſhown,
Elſe to vpbraid as a prodigious fight,
Them who did haſte what bent to haue ouer-thrown,
And others all thus raiſ'd more glad do ryſe,
Of Soules birth once, then of their Bodies thryſe,

106

There come thoſe two, from whence no Fleſh can know,
Yet not more ſoone then whom fraile Eyes ſaw dead,
Of which as Types one to each World did ſhow,
That Mortalls might be ſtraight Immortall made,
Groſſe Bodies mount, and ſome Death not ouerthrow,
A Laberinth whence Nature none can lead,
In moſt euill tymes moſt good, to be mark'd ſo,
Thoſe did from hence mans common Way not go.

The fourth Houre.

107

That godly man by God judg'd Iust to be,
Translited was that he might not see Death,
Being Death to him his LORD despis'd to see,
Whilst poyfond with vile Mens blasphemous Breath,
Or else at last from Pangs and Horrors free,
He priuiledg'd from all the signes of Wrath,
Did part, not die, from Sinne, not Life estrang'd,
Soules must remoue, else haue their lodging chang'd.

108

Whilst him saue God who ought disdain'd to feare,
Vile *Bials* Scourge, of Kings who scorn'd the Ire,
With flaming Steeds a burning Coach did beare,
The Wind being Wagoner, an Angell Squire,
Twix this grosse Globe and the celestiall Spheare,
Zeale did triumph euen as it fought with Fyre,
That Heauen and Earth both might his Glory know,
As earst his Toyles when but contemn'd below.

109

As where he liues, or lyes, to turne or stay,
To dispute easie is, ~~hard~~ to conclude,
The LORD perchance committed him to Clay,
As one with whom He on Mount *Tabor* stood,
Else not dissolu'd, but changd when borne away,
And (some thinke) kept apart yet to do good,
For without all no Saints perfected be,
The Maide-borne bodie so Heauens onely see.

110

A loude Alarme still doubling from aboue,
[The Word Eternall may make Breath abound]
All this vaste Circuit doth a Trumpet proue,
Whose Concaue wastes not, but maintaines the sound,
At the first blast nought else saue it did moue,
As drearie Silence had prepar'd the ground,
But till all Eares be fill'd, it higher swells,
A horrid *E. ho* roaring from the Hells.

111 Thofe

The fourth Houre.

111

Those guiltie Soules what further comfort shields,
From sleepe whose Conscience, with the Bodie stares,
Then when they see (as Grasse) ouer all the fields,
Men grow about them? O what frozen Hearts!
Earth labour'd long a Monstrous Haruest yeelds,
Which straight Heauens Husband, loe grindes sifts, and parts;
Who can but thinke how such endure this sight?
And yet what they attend makes it seeme light,

112

He who them hates that he should others grace,
Both Grief and Enuie tortures them at once,
Of two who rest companions in one place,
One pleas'd doth joy, the other desp'rat mones,
One parts as pointed for Eternall Peace,
The other sign'd for paine, stayes, howles and grones,
Thus of the Godlies good the first degree
Is, from the wicked that they parted be.

113

Those Creatures who still sound did neuer fall,
That fatall Summons do no sooner heare,
Then those whom it forth from the Dust doth call
Where they had slept euen manie a hundreth yeare,
Soules lodgings thus which had bene ruin'd all,
Straight builded then first perfect do appeare,
The Iust they first, the Reprobat last moue,
Which bide below whilst others flie aboue.

114

Those Temples then which not dissolu'd still stay,
(A Mysterie difficult to conceaue)
All debt of death not dying shall defray,
The other life being com'de, ere this them leaue,
The Bodies then (all frailtie burn'd away)
Being quintessenc'd, new qualities receaue,
Which though still quicke, yet in their Sinnes being dead
Ere mortall prou'd, shall be Immortall made.

115

The fourth Houre.

115

If oft to gaze a multitude remaines,
To hold his Court whilst it some Prince attends,
Who still being mette with many stately Traines,
Doth make a Musters of imagin'd friends,
(As by small Brookes a Flood swolne when it raines)
Till that on him it seemes the World depends,
That Pomp to all a reuerent aw imparts,
And strykes with Terrour Malefactours Hearts.

116

Thinke with what glory CHRIST must wondring wonne,
Whilst thundring Terrour, and yet lightning Grace,
He might come clad with Starres, crown'd with the Sunne,
But to his brightnesse such [as base] giue place,
His court at first of heavenly Hostes begunne,
From hence enlarg'd is in a litle space,
O what strange noyce doth all the World rebound,
Whilst Angells sing, Saints shout, and Trumpets sound!

117

My rauish'd Soule transcending Reasons reache,
So earnest is to surfet on this sight,
That it disdaines what may high thoughts empeach,
Whilst mounting vp to Contemplations hight,
Which flight so farre doth passe the power of speach,
That only Silence can pursue it right,
And that my Spirit may be refresh'd that way,
It must a space amidst dombe Pleasures stray.

FINIS.



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